SCREENLAND

March

15c

FEB 1 1937
PERIODICAL DIVISION

A Real Day with Clark Gable

The Unknown Women Behind Hollywood Men

PRESENTING THE

GLAMOUR ENSEMBLE

in a single thread of Fragrance

Gemey

Linger in castle corridors on court nights in London. Dance on a Budapest balcony high above the blue Danube. Seek romance and youth and laughter in the gay capitals of five continents . . . and there you'll find the beguiling perfume that is . . . fragrance Gemey.

For fragrance Gemey is world-beloved . . . preferred by the smart women of 75 lands. And now in America you may share their intimate secret. Inquire at your favorite perfume counter for this glamour ensemble by Richard Hudnut . . . gala beauty fundamentals in a single thread of fragrance . . . Gemey!

FACE POWDER gossamer soft, a boon to sensitive skins. In six true flesh tones. Face Powder in fragrance Gemey . . . One dollar.

CONTINENTAL BEAUTIES adore the warm loveliness of Tablet Rouge in fragrance Gemey. Eight blush-tones. Seventy-five cents.

WAKE YOUR LIPS to radiant beauty . . . keep that youth-soft feel with this luscious lipstick in fragrance Gemey. Colors frankly daring. Seventy-five cents.

A COMPLEXION CARETAKER—this fragrant liquid facial that cleanses, soothes and conditions your skin. Cucumber lotion in fragrance Gemey. One dollar.

STEP FROM YOUR BATH into a cloud of this luxury dusting powder. Feel how smooth and soft your skin; revel in its glamour-fragrance. Bath Powder in the fragrance Gemey. One dollar.

Fragrance Gemey in crystal clear flacons $2.50, $4.50, $15.

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

New York Paris

London . . . Toronto . . . Buenos Aires . . . Mexico City . . . Berlin . . . Budapest . . . Capetown
Sydney . . . Shanghai . . . Rio de Janeiro . . . Havana . . . Bucharest . . . Vienna . . . Amsterdam

Lovely as a Melody

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

How often a girl has thrilled to a passing glance—to an admiring look that says, "If only there were someone to introduce us now."

Lucky for her if she has a youthful smile—a smile that reveals sparkling white teeth and healthy gums. But how pitiful the smile that *shocks* the expectant eye. How sad the smile that betrays dull teeth and dingy gums—tragic evidence of unforgivable neglect.

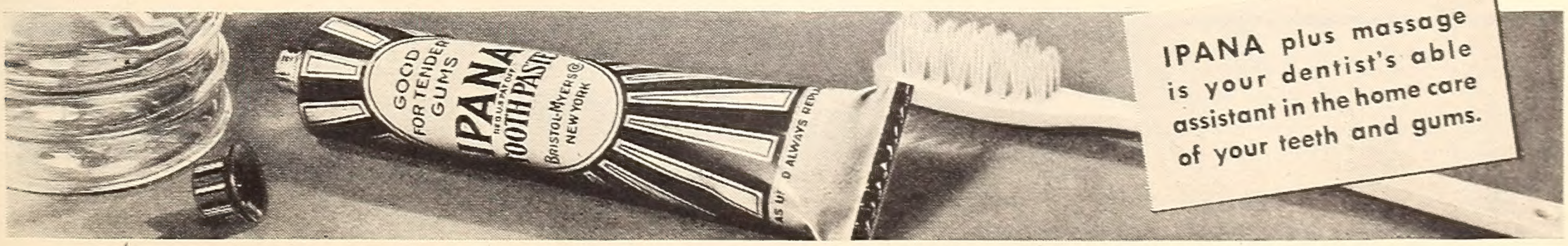
NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

That first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—how harmless it appears and yet how serious it can prove. For trivial, trifling as it may seem—*ignored*, it can exact a heavy penalty.

When you see it—*see your dentist*. You may not be in for serious trouble, but your dentist is the only competent judge. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is simply a case of gums that have grown soft and sensitive under our modern soft-food menus—gums that need more resistance and work—and as so many modern dentists advise—gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is a modern tooth paste—not only designed to keep your teeth clean and sparkling—but, *with massage*, to assist the health of your gums. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases. Lazy tissues waken. Gums become firmer.

Play safe! Adopt this common-sense dental health routine in your own home. Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself against gum troubles. You'll have a better chance for whiter, brighter teeth and sounder, healthier gums—a better chance for a smile of enchanting loveliness!



FEB -5 1937 ©CIB 328166 CR

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

March, 1937 Vol. XXXIV. No. 5

Who's Your Man of the Month?

So far, we've been "guessing" right! Of course, it isn't "guessing" really; it's our insight into your preferences, inspired by the letters you readers write us listing your pets and prejudices. You selected Robert Taylor; we put him on the cover. You asked for Clark Gable; you got him! Now, we are being guided more and more definitely by your own expression of your wishes; and next month we are giving you just what most of you have asked for!

We won't give our show away by telling you just who our next cover star will be; but you may be sure the selection will please you. As for our menu of features, personalities, and departments next month, it will be as varied as the Spring season which it heralds; as fresh, as spontaneous, as inspiring.

Remember—reserve your next copy of SCREENLAND now, so that you will not miss our big Spring number—the April issue, on sale March 3rd.

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Clark Gable by Marland Stone.

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 511 S. Alexandria Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription $1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $2.10 in Canada; foreign $2.50. Changes of address must reach us six weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

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THE MOST *Powerful* LOVE STORY EVER FILMED!

...Of a Patriot Who Lost a Country When He Found a Woman

You thought "San Francisco" was exciting—but wait! You'll be thrilled to your finger-tips when this mighty drama comes thundering from the screen. A fiery romance with your two favorite stars!... CLARK GABLE—courageous, masterful leader of a fighting nation . . . MYRNA LOY—the bewitching beauty in whose arms he forgot the pain of leadership . . .

Answering the call of millions of picture-goers M-G-M has brought them together in the most dramatic heart-stabbing love story of our time!

CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY

IN

PARNELL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production based on the great stage play that thrilled Broadway for months, with EDNA MAY OLIVER, BILLIE BURKE, and a great M-G-M cast. Directed and produced by John Stahl.

GO WHERE THE CROWDS ARE GOING...

Now you can see

THE LOVE STORY WHICH CHANGED THE DESTINY OF AN EMPIRE! THE PICTURE THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR!

. . . Direct from its sensational $2.00 runs in Hollywood and New York!

The critics agree . . . it's ringing TWICE for you!

"Hittraction!" cheers Walter Winchell!

"Huzzahs for 'Lloyds'!" shouts N. Y. Sun!

"Exciting as a bugle call!" applauds Time!

starring

Freddie BARTHOLOMEW and Madeleine CARROLL

with

SIR GUY STANDING · TYRONE POWER

C. Aubrey Smith · Virginia Field

AND A MAMMOTH CAST

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan

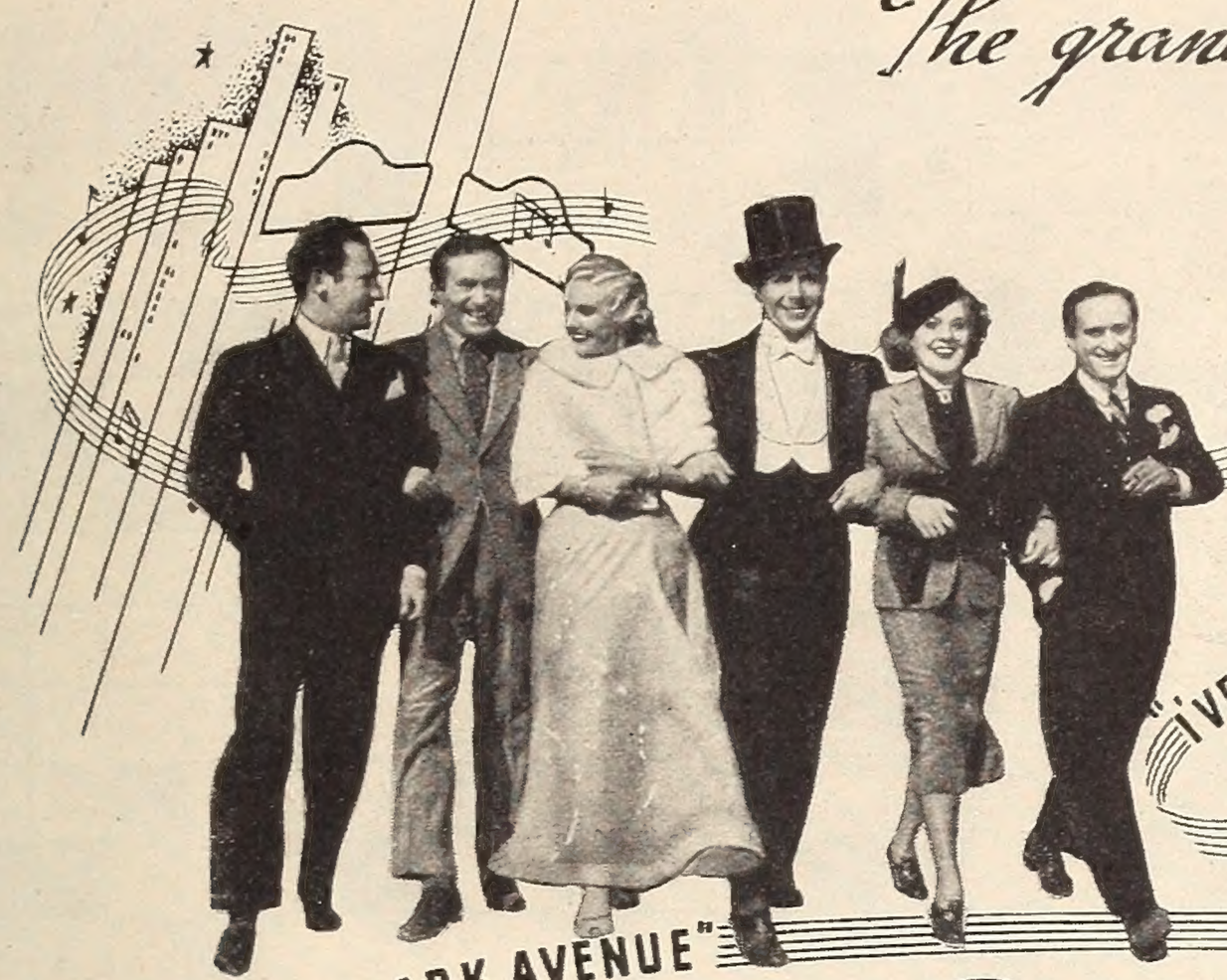
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

20th CENTURY FOX

WHEN THIS TRADE-MARK FLASHES ON THE SCREEN...

WHERE 20TH CENTURY-FOX HITS ARE SHOWING!

The smartest musical ever filmed!
The grandest songs ever written!



"THIS YEAR'S KISSES"
"I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM"
"THE GIRL ON THE POLICE GAZETTE"
"HE AIN'T GOT RHYTHM"
"SLUMMING ON PARK AVENUE"
"YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME"

Dick POWELL • *Madeleine* CARROLL
in IRVING BERLIN'S
"ON THE AVENUE"
with ALICE FAYE • THE RITZ BROTHERS • GEORGE BARBIER
ALAN MOWBRAY • CORA WITHERSPOON • STEPIN FETCHIT • SIG RUMANN

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • *Associate Producer Gene Markey*
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production • Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin

The tops in swank! • The smoothest in rhythm!
The greatest in stars! • The newest in love!
The fastest in dancing! • The last word in entertainment!
It's full of Boom-Boom and Go-Go!

NewYork's latest real-life romance set to Irving Berlin's music *in a show as big as the town . . . as good as the songs!*

IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!

● Don't tell *me* about old-fashioned laxatives! While I wasted time on them, my constipation got worse. My breath was offensive. Nightmares ruined my sleep. Even the sight of food made me sick. My complexion? Well, let's not go into *that!* Then I did myself a big favor by taking my druggist's tip. "Try FEEN-A-MINT," he said, "it's *different!*"

● When FEEN-A-MINT frees accumulated wastes, life is brighter at once. Constipation's bilious headaches go. Natural appetite returns. A cleared intestine helps bring back the natural joy of youth, the normal sleep of childhood. Why not put *yourself* in this thrilling picture? FEEN-A-MINT tastes so good, acts so *differently!*

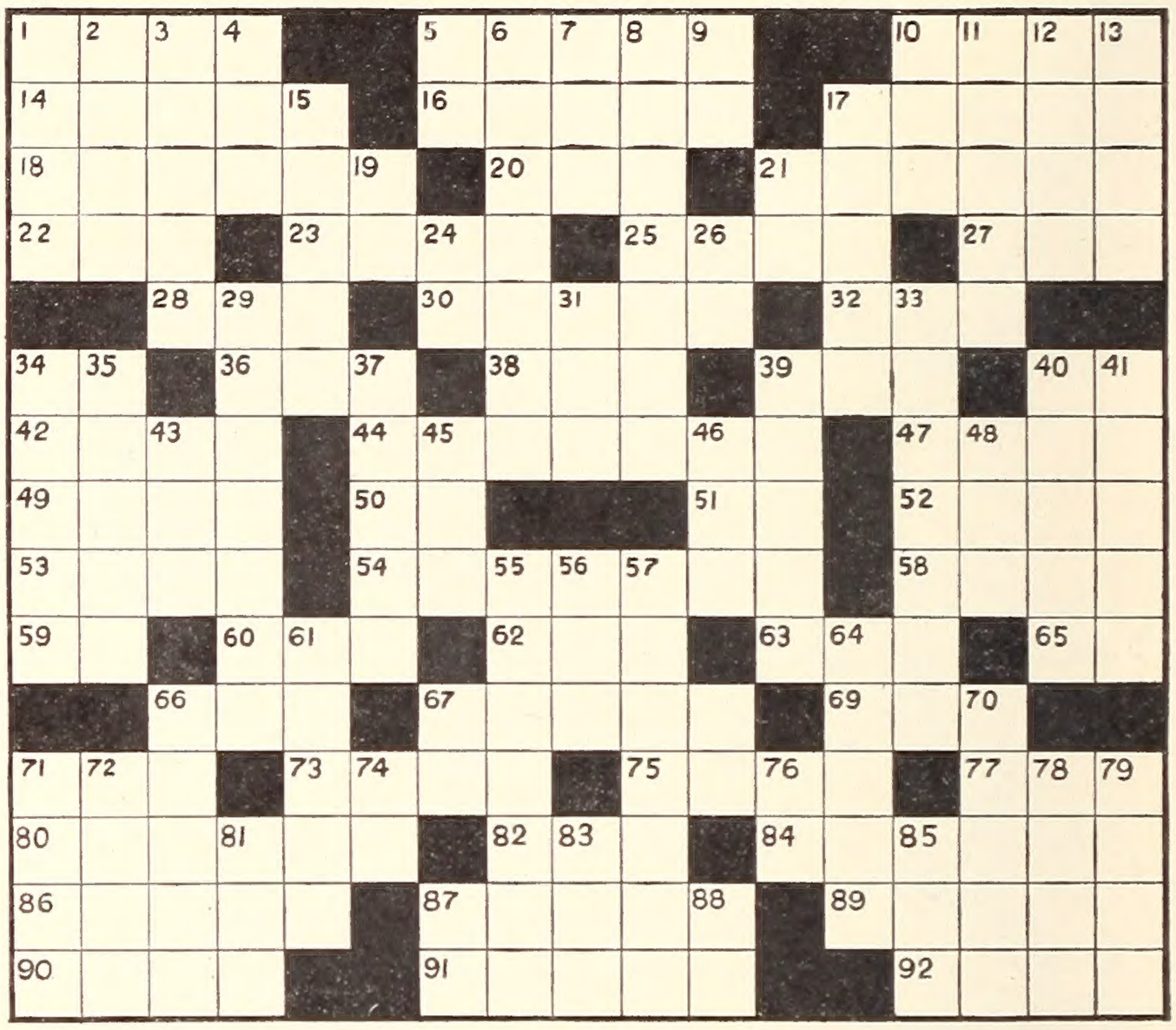
One of the big differences of delicious, mint-flavored FEEN-A-MINT is in the 3 minutes of chewing. Scientists agree this helps make FEEN-A-MINT so dependable—so satisfactory. Its benefits work g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y in the lower bowel—not in the stomach. No griping or nausea. No break in sleep. The *favorite* laxative of 16 million users. Economical, too! Write for free sample to Dept.T-6, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, New Jersey.

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Child star of "Can This Be Dixie?"
5. She was featured in "Stowaway"
10. Hero in "Mad Holiday"
14. Charlie Chan himself
16. Idiot
17. Tint
18. Loiters about
20. Males
21. He plays Armand to Garbo's "Camille"
22. Born
23. Street urchin
25. Bow
27. Donkey
28. Juice of trees
30. Large spoon
32. Printer's measures
34. Exclamation
36. Setting for a film
38. King, in a French version
39. Age
40. Initials of the screen's Juliet
42. Entrance to a mine
44. Sets back (as a new paragraph)
47. Part of a house
49. Baroness in "Love On The Run"
50. French article
51. Like
52. Italian coin
53. Hero in "The Good Earth"
54. One of the "Ladies In Love"
58. Shade trees
59. Period of time (abbrev.)
60. Of the matter, in law
62. Part of to be
63. Japanese coin
65. Exclamation
66. Possessive pronoun
67. Coloring establishments for clothes
69. Conducted
71. To open (poetic)
73. Wander
75. Repast
77. Collegiate musical instrument (slang)
80. His new one is "Maytime"
82. Japanese sash
84. Mickey Mouse's papa
86. Wicker fish basket
87. Small flies
89. Burn slightly
90. Famous volcano
91. Rims
92. Thomas Hardy heroine, once played by Pickford

DOWN

1. Condemned man in "We Who Are About to Die"
2. Bitter drug
3. Main sections of churches
4. Compass point (abbrev.)
5. Exist
6. The ex-Mrs. Bill Powell
7. Anger
8. Rose, in "The Devil Is a Sissy"
9. Printer's measure
10. "Libeled Lady" herself
11. Wide mouthed Mexican jars
12. Courts
13. Makes mistakes
15. To arrange in folds
17. To provide food for
19. The elder (abbrev.)
21. Toward
24. Ruby Keeler's husband
26. Compass point (abbrev.)
29. Ginger's co-star
31. Female deer
33. She's lovely in "Garden of Allah"
34. It's an insult to call an actor this
35. Scent (English spelling)
37. Cultivates, farms
39. Literary theme
40. The screen's great Juliet
41. A hit (box office slang)
43. Hotel
45. Prefix meaning new
46. Make an edging
48. Greasy liquid
55. Jeanette MacDonald's big romance
56. Before
57. Wood-eating ant
61. Hero of "Charge of the Light Brigade"
64. Heroine of "Sing Me a Love Song"
66. She's Mrs. Fred Perry—also in "Reunion"
67. Baby's first word
68. Compass point (abbrev.)
70. As "Theodora" she "Goes Wild"
71. One time only
72. She plays Toddy in "Cain and Mabel"
74. Upon
76. Public notice (abbrev.)
78. Small wooden barrels
79. What you see a movie with
81. Ocean
83. Sack
85. To occupy a seat
87. Goddess of earth
88. Ocean liner (abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

G	A	R	B	O		C	A	R		C	L	A	M	P		
A	H	E	R	N	E		A	G	O		C	O	O	P	E	R
B	E	L	A		D	O	G		B	A	H		M	E	T	A
L	A	Y	S		D	I	N		I	D	A		B	R	A	T
E	D		S	T	Y	L	E		N	O	R	M	A		L	E
		L	E	O			Y	E	S		M	A	R	E		
P	R	E	S	T	O	N		N	O	T		E	D	D	I	E
R	A	W			R	A	M		N	A	P			G	A	Y
O	P	I	N	E		B	A	T		M	A	R	L	E	N	E
		S	O	W	S		R	O	W			A	I	D		
S	R		V	E	N	U	S		A	L	I	G	N		L	A
C	O	D	A		A	S	H		R	E	D		A	N	O	N
A	V	E	R		P	E	A		N	E	E		K	I	N	D
L	E	A	R	N	S		L	Y	E		A	V	E	N	G	E
E	R	R	O	R			L	E	D			C	R	O	S	S

Lovely to Look at...

EAGER FOR LOVE

But Misfit Perfume Ruined Her Appeal!

UNTIL SHE FOUND THE RIGHT PERFUME TO EXPRESS HER PERSONALITY . . . . .

WHEN THE MUSIC STARTED and the boys took their partners for the first dance—there I was again, just a wallflower. Was I blue? I was broken-hearted, utterly discouraged—crushed! What *could* it be about me? I tried *so* hard. This was my final effort to attract a partner who would be *mine*—who might be my escort—who might . . . but what was the use? My lovely dress—a grand permanent and facial just that afternoon! I did *look* stunning—everyone said so. What was it about me that was wrong? What did I lack, what did I say or do, or fail to do? Men actually avoided me—or if they stopped to talk for a moment, never asked me for a dance!

COULD IT REALLY BE, as I had read, that the *wrong* perfume—one not suited to my personality—might actually *ruin* my appeal? I decided to try once more, even though it meant discarding my expensive perfume, which *I* liked but which, as the article I had been reading said, might be a *mis-fit* perfume.

I FILLED OUT the Personal Perfumers Chart and sent for a sample of Personal Perfume blended exclusively to fit my characteristics. I want to tell you that the result has been absolutely miraculous. My perfume seems to express the real *me*—its lovely fragrance seems to surround me with love itself! And do my many present admirers notice it? Indeed they do, although they might not know exactly what it is that makes me more appealing. But *I* know the secret! I have my own private formula for *love!* I have found the way to popularity and new happiness in my first little sample vial of Personal Perfume . . .

AN EXPERIENCE typical of many hundreds of true stories of success with Personal Perfume told us in person and in hundreds of letters now in our files.

MADE FOR LOVE—BLENDED FOR YOU!

FLOWERS ARE MADE FOR LOVE. Their fragrance is the essence of love, if used intelligently. The exquisite woman knows that even the most costly perfume actually *detracts* from her feminine appeal if it is not suited to her personality. Many fastidious women of means use only a personal perfume blended precisely to their own personalities. But it is only now, after years of experiment that it is possible for us to offer this method whereby the woman of *modest means* may also have a perfume expecially blended to express *her* personality. The Chief Perfumer of "Personal Perfumes" draws from all the fragrances of the world in order to blend *your* perfume, and express *your characteristics* . . . using this Chart as his guide. Would *you* care for a sample of *your* Personal Perfume? Fill in this interesting chart—mail it *today!*

Sample of your Personal Perfume SENT ON REQUEST

FILL OUT THIS CHART NOW—MAIL IT TODAY!

The best way to find out if a Personal Perfume blended especially to suit your characteristics, will help you attain your desires—is to *try* it! No charge is made for a generous sample. Send only 10 cents to cover cost of mailing and postage. Fill in the chart now! Mail it with 10c in coin TODAY!

Personality PERFUME *Chart*

PERSONAL PERFUMERS, INC., 15 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind. Dept. 102

Please blend a generous sample of Personal Perfume for me based on this chart which I have filled out correctly, to the best of my knowledge. You agree to keep the personal information contained in this chart absolutely confidential. I understand that my perfume is free, (except for 10c mailing costs which I enclose) and that this request for a sample places me under no obligation.

HAIR	EYES
☐ Blonde	☐ Dark Blue
☐ Black	☐ Light Blue
☐ Brown	☐ Grey
☐ Red	☐ Brown
☐ Auburn	☐ Hazel
☐ Grey	☐ Black

COMPLEXION

☐ Fair ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Which of These words best describes your personality:

☐ VIVACIOUS ☐ RETIRING ☐ CHANGEABLE ☐ HAPPY ☐ MOODY

HEIGHT_____ Weight_____ FAVORITE COLOR _____

Are You SINGLE_____ MARRIED_____ DIVORCED_____ WIDOW____

What type of man do you most admire? _____

*Name*_____

Address (Or R. F. D.) _____

*City or Town*_____ *State* _____

(Be sure to enclose 10 cents in coin to defray mailing costs)

Personal Perfumers inc.
15 EAST WASHINGTON ST.
Indianapolis ··· Indiana

Brilliant Teeth—Healthy Gums with this Double Protection

YOUR teeth may look clean and white, even though your gums are soft and spongy. That's the insidious thing about half-way dental care. Forhan's Tooth Paste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, provides the *double protection* everyone needs. It does *both* vital jobs—*cleans teeth* and *safeguards gums.*

After brushing your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your mouth feels! Soon you can see the difference.

Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the big new tube saves you money. Buy Forhan's today, and *end half-way care* once for all. *Also sold in Canada.*

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH / SAVES GUMS

Have the *natural*-looking eye beauty that wins men!

PINAUD'S NEW, IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA
prepared in France

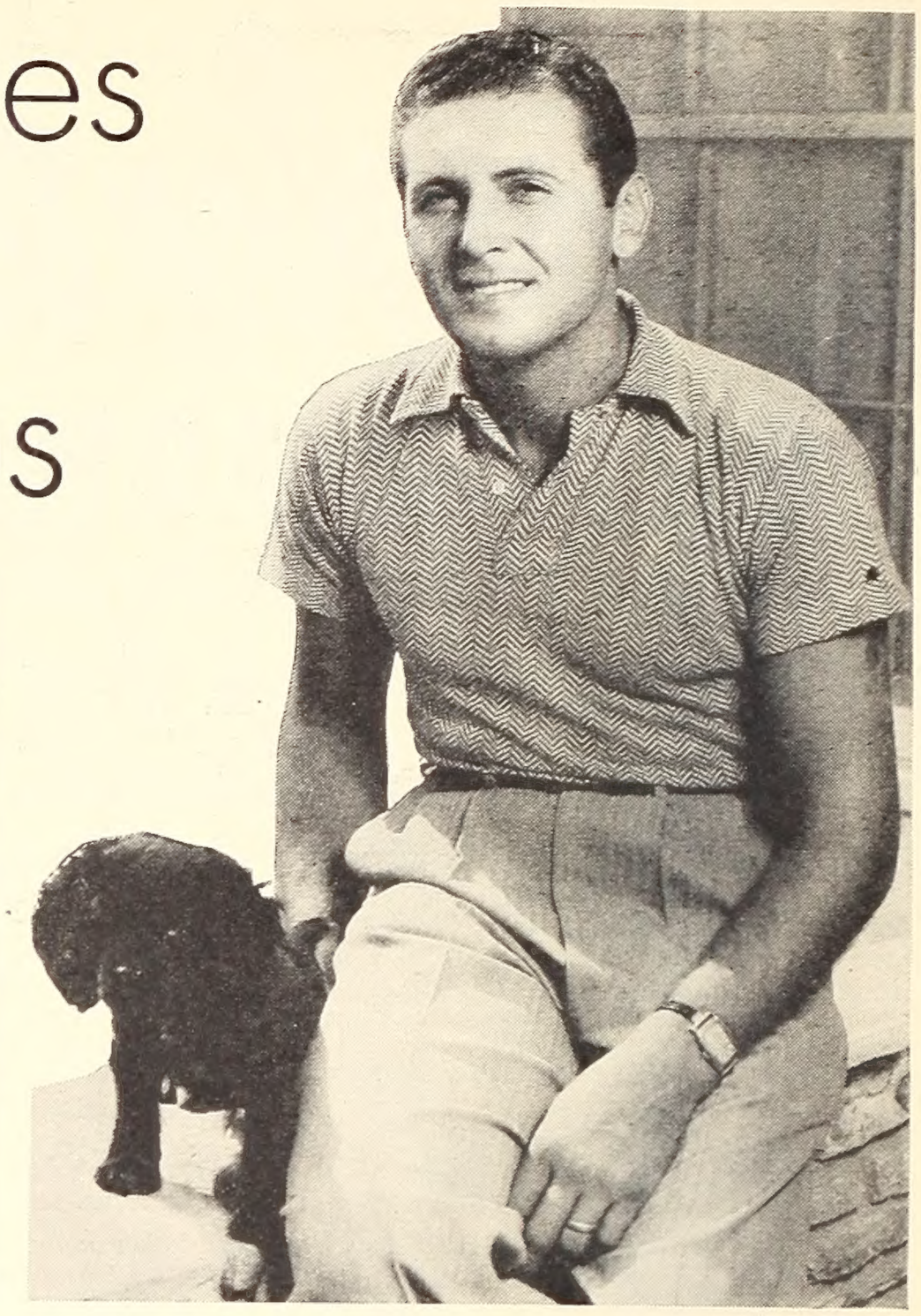
Silky, heavy eyelashes that look naturally beautiful. Get them from this Improved creamy mascara . . . Never makes you look made-up . . . Permanent, runproof, smudge proof . . . in black, brown, blue, green.

Complete Eye Make-up requires
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

Salutes and Snubs

Hollywood's studio sultans assign the rôles, but it's the public that makes the stars—and here's the public in action, giving voice to opinions, sentiments, and reactions to Hollywood's cinema creations. The pro's and the con's, the Salutes and the Snubs, fly thick and fast—and very interesting, too — in this department. If you, gentle reader, have something on your mind, why not give it expression? Do so in a letter to Salutes and Snubs. Please try to restrict your letters to fifty words at most. Address them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.



We give you, in response to popular demand of the letter writers, Allan Jones, personable and pleasing singing-actor. Allan, meet the folks who say so many nice things about you.

MATCHMAKER!

These teams would be big Box Office: 1. Simone Simon—Robert Taylor. 2. Janet Gaynor—Ralph Bellamy. 3. Mae West—Maurice Chevalier. 4. Jeanette MacDonald—Tullio Carminati. 5. Otto Kruger—Katharine Hepburn.

Ruth King,
2 Hamilton Ave.,
Cranford, N. J.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Some big disappointments of the season: "Anthony Adverse": Just a series of *trailers.*

"Charge of the Light Brigade": Pretentious piffle and fancy uniforms.

"As You Like It": I didn't. Bergner cute-isms and accents insulting Shakespeare.

Ann Aventure,
1008 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E.,
Washington, D. C.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN!

In "Craig's Wife," Jane Darwell asked John Boles if he would like a cup of coffee, and he said yes. In the next scene you see Miss Darwell carrying a tray with a glass of milk on it, which John drinks. Maybe you can explain this—I can't!

Thelma Thompson,
176 West Godfrey Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CALL FOR ALLAN JONES

I have often wondered why the studios are always hunting for new talent. Why not use some of the splendid material now in Hollywood to better advantage. Do the studios demand the turning on of the floodlights only for the chosen few? What is the matter with the splendid young tenor, Allan Jones? Let's see and hear more of him.

Lillian Whal,
Delaware Ave.,
Buffalo, N.Y.

HOLLYWOOD WINS AGAIN

We in England were very sceptical about "Romeo and Juliet." But Hollywood wins again. With the exception of John Barrymore, the production was flawless. Miss Shearer gives an exquisite performance, and Mr. Howard, though a bit too daintily urbane for *Romeo,* reads the lines with tender beauty. I was particularly struck by some unknown boy who made the utterly negative bit of *Friar John* memorable. I've never heard a more tragic, interesting voice.

Adelaide Beeseley,
24 Moore St.,
London, S.W.I. England.

ACADEMY AWARD VOTE

According to my way of judging, Kay Francis should win the Academy award for 1936. In "Give Me Your Heart" Kay certainly was great.

S. G. Machamer,
Harrisburg, Pa.

"TOO BEAUTIFUL"

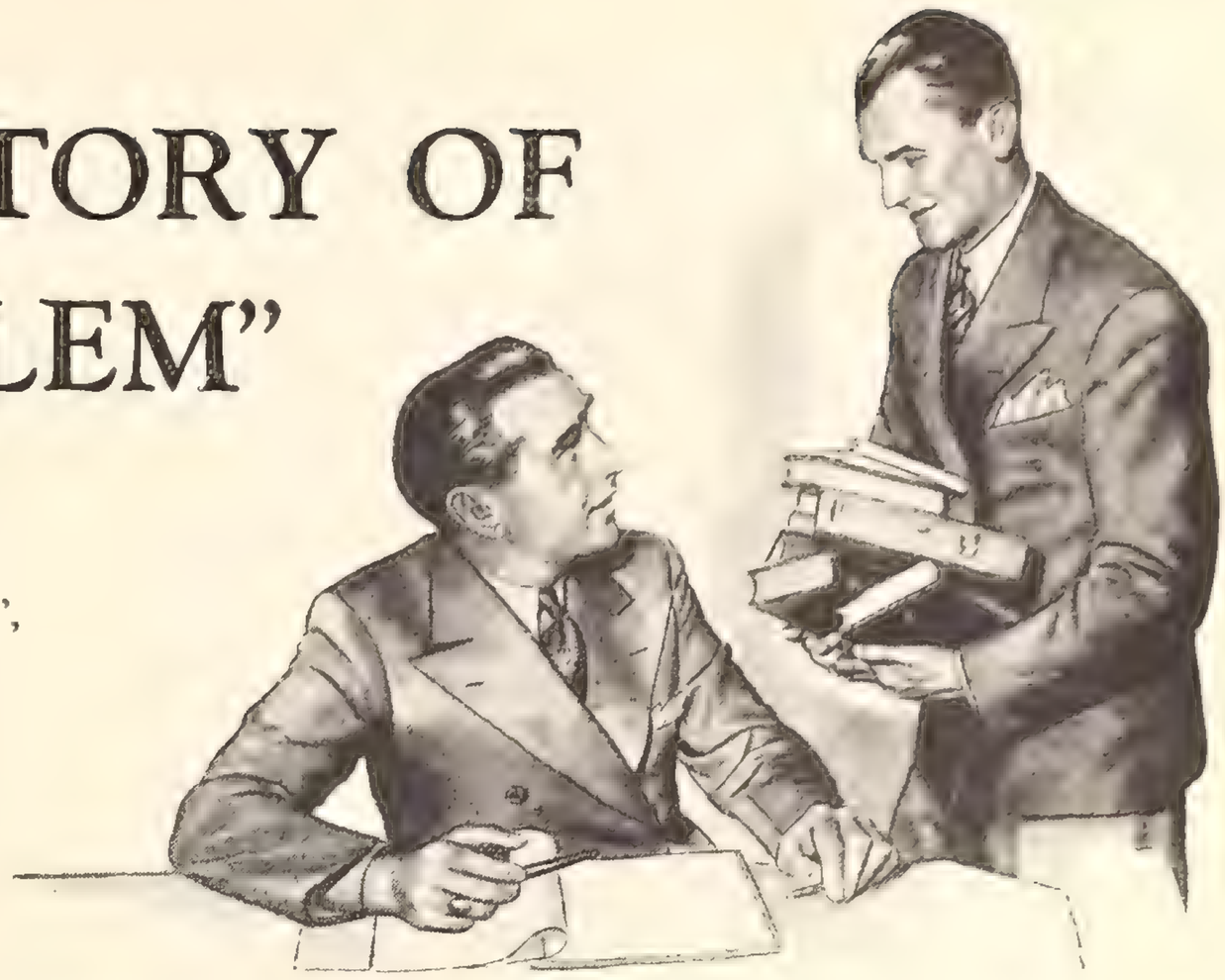
Not since the days of Barbara La Marr has there been the title "Too Beautiful" awarded to an actress. I think it should now be given to Alice Faye.

Sally Hirschkowitz,
1515 Boston Road,
New York, N. Y.

THE INSIDE STORY OF "MAID OF SALEM"

By FRANK LLOYD

(*Director of "Cavalcade", "The Sea Hawk", "Mutiny on the Bounty"*)



Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

NATURALLY, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of.

» Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn . . ."Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love . . . a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

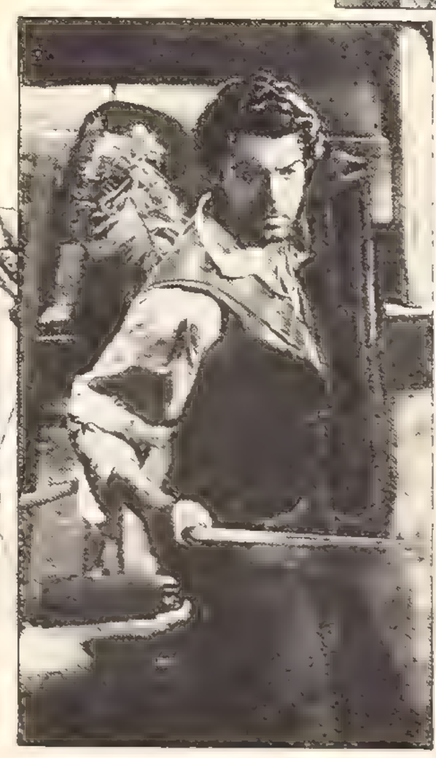
» But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face . . . I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

» Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.

Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem"

Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero .

A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm .



Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword .

Advertisement.

SCREENLAND Honor Page

Once again, Garbo is great! As "Camille" she surpasses her own superlative artistry, and reigns anew as Queen of the Screen

"CAMILLE" calls for superlatives! A great romance beautifully played, it serves to bring back Greta Garbo to her former eminence, even multiplying her prestige as the twentieth century's most glamorous acting figure. Here is the gorgeous Greta of yesterday blended with a new, more subtle Garbo, a lovely woman of brooding depth and delicious melancholy; enhancing the haunting appeal of the Swedish girl whose charm swept the world, with added insight, sympathy, and human understanding. Garbo can no longer be branded as "cold." In "Camille" you see a living, breathing woman; a *demi-mondaine* of a loosely luxurious Paris who surprises her dissolute circle and herself by falling in love with a youth called *Armand*. In Robert Taylor, Garbo finds the perfect screen lover. The moods of "Camille," as portrayed by Garbo, give us possibly the greatest stage or screen portrait ever created, by any actress, of a woman deeply, thrillingly in love.

Garbo's *Camille* is her finest contribution to the screen, surpassing even her *Anna Christie*. The close-ups above give us Garbo in varied moods. At far right, one of the scenes which will make "Camille" the most talked-about picture of the day, with Garbo as the Parisian temptress and Robert Taylor as *Armand*, the boy who gives up everything for love of her.

His "passport bride" sicks the Mexican gendarmes on Cary Grant

Grace's husband-in-name-only takes his marriage too seriously

liked the linky show irls in the estivalscene

The "Whistling Boy" number is a delightful novelty

This patio scene is one of the show's big musical thrills

GRACE MOORE

Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph,

"When You're In Love"

TWO thousand dollars for a husband! That's the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that's the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I've ever laughed through—Grace Moore's stunning new hit, "When You're In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace's is aces with me. But "When You're In Love" is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King Steps Out".

The star who started a new style in song-films hits some new vocal highs in music numbers by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which include the soon-to-be-famous "Our Song".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephenson, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I've already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in "When You're In Love" is my favorite amusement of the month. It's way out in front of the February hit parade.

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

● Fish cannot close their eyes. They rest but they do not *sleep*.* And this one is interesting, too: How many women, out of hundreds recently interviewed by mail, said—"Italian Balm *acts quicker* in overcoming chapped, dry, rough and red skin than anything I ever used before." (Answer—97 8/10% of them.) And how many said—"Italian Balm is *less expensive* to use than anything I ever used." (Answer—92 9/10% of them.)

If you have never tried it—now is the time to act. Get a Vanity Bottle FREE. See for yourself why the winter-sports-loving women of Canada have *preferred* Italian Balm for over 40 years—and why, in a recent large-city survey, Italian Balm was used by more than three times as many families as any other skin protector.

(*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge"—Geo. W. Stimpson. Pub., A. L. Burt Co.)

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Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week *while learning* practical nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $400!

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Inside the Stars' Homes

By Betty Boone

Gloria thought it would be fun to plan a "food-fest of all nations," and makes many amusing suggestions for unusual recipes which you'll surely wish to try out.

Gloria Stuart is our gracious hostess as she sponsors "international dishes." Very different

GLORIA STUART, blondely lovely in a smartly simple tomato-colored dress, greeted me half-abstractedly, and then made a dive for a footstool.

"Look at that!" she sighed. "It doesn't belong over here by the fireplace; it goes with this chartreuse chair!"

She placed the dainty needlepoint-covered object beneath a Victorian walnut chair—once, no doubt black and slippery with horsehair, but now upholstered in green satin.

"I am *'Craig's Wife'* in person these days," she explained, a smile curling up the edges of her lips, "but I decorated this house myself and it gives me the jitters to find anything out of place. I go around pushing and pulling and snatching and making myself amusing to beholders, perhaps. But have you ever made a flower garden and had people step on the seedlings? That's the way I feel!"

Her house sits on a green hill with a row of dark cedars below the steep drive. A 'teen-age actress lived there before Gloria took it and when last I called, it was all white with touches of gold. Now it is warm and colorful.

The carpet in the living-room is deeper than crimson, the chairs vary from the twin chartreuse with their small footstools to old rose and wine, and there are two Sheraton ottomans in a Dutch blue.

"It took me nine weeks, going every day, to find the things," exulted Gloria. "I visited antique shops, junk shops, bargain basements, all sorts of places. It was the most absorbing hunt I've ever had, more exciting than tracking down a wild animal!

"Look—here's a Victorian gaming-table with a hinged top. You can play chess or checkers on the inlaid side. Here's an old English coal-hod with the brasses of the period—look at this adorable scoop for the coal! And the mirror over the mantel is Georgian, about 1700. I had it restored. And those two pedestals that hold the lights at the corners of the piano are 18th century. They were black and I had them stripped down and the girandoles mounted on them."

The girandoles are candelabra, delicately lovely with crystal bunches of grapes clustered among the candles.

(*Continued on page* 91)

SING! SWING! YOUTH HAS ITS FLING!

Salute a stunning new musical joyride produced with all the smartness and variety and zest Warner Bros. are famed for! ...A grand all-round show ...new dances...new song hits...and girls galore! A side-splitting story as new as the New Year!...with a star cast of favorites willing and able to either sing it or swing it! This riot of rhythm and fun easily takes the screen honors of the month.

"READY, WILLING and ABLE"

Ray Enright directed...Bobby Connolly arranged the dance ensembles... And Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting wrote the 3 song hits—"Too Marvelous for Words", "Sentimental and Melancholy", and "Just a Quiet Evening".

Warner Bros.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

SEARCH YOUR SKIN

FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!

They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your finger-tips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you *do* feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there.

It will probably shock you to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is *really* clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible. Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

The Proof Is Free!

Let me prove to you, at my expense, the unusual cleansing and lubricating powers of Lady Esther Face Cream. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube postpaid and free.

Use the whole tube in single cleansing of your skin. Put on one application of the cream after another until you have used the tube up. Note the feeling of relief your skin experiences. It is as if a load had been taken off your pores. You can see that even one cleansing with Lady Esther Face Cream has made your skin decidedly cleaner, clearer, smoother.

A New Skin!

You can readily see what a month's trial of the cream would mean. It would mean the end of those stubborn blackheads, the reduction of those gaping pores, the end of that skin-withering dryness.

Write today for the purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream that means the beginning of a new skin for you. Clip coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (31) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

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Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Jack F. So You're a gentleman who prefers brunettes! Rita Cansino was born in New York City, New York. Cansino is her real name; she comes from a long line of Spanish dancers. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, has brown hair and eyes. As far as I know she is not under contract right now. She recently announced that she was giving up dancing for straight dramatic rôles. Her sport hobbies, at the moment, are swimming, tennis and golf.

Phyllis G. Robert Taylor's birthday is August 5; he was born in 1911. Olivia de Havilland, July 1st, 1916, and Anita Louise, January 9, 1917. The birthday of Fredric March is a secret. Freddie asked us to keep, and, well, would you go back on a promise to him? I wouldn't either.

M. J. West. The ancient archives give the cast for "The Godless Girl" as follows: Lina Basquette, Marie Prevost, George Duryea, Noah Beery, Eddy Quinlan, Mary Jan Irving, Julia Faye, Viola Louie, Emily Barrye, Clarence Burton, Dick Alexander, Kate Price, and Hedwig Reicher. My, but a lot of pictures have flickered across the screen since that one. I'm glad you reminded me of it and the players who appeared in it; so you're doubly welcome to the information.

Mrs. T. J. E. You've picked a story well worth the telling, but unfortunately ol' debbil lack of space prevents my giving you the synopsis you wish. Anyway you'll enjoy the story more by getting it fresh from the screen. Like many another picture, "Love Under Fire" arrives at the theatres under a different title, and, as you know now, the new Merle Oberon starring film is called "Beloved Enemy." But by any other name it would still be the glamorous Merle's newest, and in many ways, her best picture; also leading man Brian Aherne's.

Hollywood's social season is on! Above, Jack Benny, Gracie Allen, and Mary Livingstone go partying.

Mary Elizabeth C. Thanks a lot for the kind words. Speaking of cowboys, don't tell me you missed the interview on George O'Brien in a recent issue of SCREENLAND, you, who want to hear more about cowboys! Colorful fellows, these chaps. Yes, Maynard is Ken's real name, and he has been married a long time. He was born in Mission, Texas, and his early years were spent on a ranch, near the town of his birth. He ran away from home when he was 12 years old and joined a travelling circus. At one time he was head rider with Ringling Bros. Although he is an expert rider, he now flies his own plane and owns two motor boats and a cruiser. Some cowboy!

Doubtful. That "Gold Diggers" was a long time ago (in 1929). No wonder you are "doubtful!" The cast of the leading players is as follows: Nick Lucas, Ann Pennington, Winnie Lightner, Conway Tearle and Nancy Welford. Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris," is the answer to your other question. See how easy it is for Vee Dee to clear up all doubts?

Constant Reader. Jeanette MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 18th. At the age of 14 she appeared in the Wayburn revues. At the same time, she studied voice lessons regularly. Later, followed parts in "Irene" and "Tangerine," after which she appeared in "Angela" which resulted in a screen test and eventually her appearance on the screen in "The Love Parade" and other outstanding hits. More recently, "Rose Marie" and "Naughty Marietta" with Nelson Eddy enthralled her audiences. "Maytime" and "The Girl of the Golden West" will be Jeanette's forthcoming pictures with Nelson Eddy. An incomparable team! We agree with you on that—and other things too. For example, we're a constant reader too, and here's hoping you go on being That Way about SCREENLAND for many happy new years to come.

There were lots of laughs in the corner where Fredric March, Glenda Farrell, Jimmy Stewart and Anita Louise gathered during a recent Hollywood party.

Boots Baxter. Well—looks like you'd fallen pretty hard! And it isn't for Robert Taylor or Fred MacMurray! Your rave, Ray Milland, was born in Wales, 1907, educated at King's College, England. During a stay at his uncle's stock ranch, he became a fine rider and entered the Royal Horse Guards, personal bodyguard to the King. He made his first appearance on the screen in "Pay Deferred," has played important rôles in "We're Not Dressing," "Next Time We Love," "Big Broadcast of 1937," "The Return of Sophie Lang," and "Three Smart Girls." He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, and, alas for you, he is married! Happily, too!

ONCE you stop to figure what Lux can save you, you'll never again want to risk using just any old soap.

Lux has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Lux preserves the "live" resilient quality stockings have when new—so Luxed stockings give instead of breaking easily under strain—seldom go into runs.

This means they *last* much longer, *look* lovelier, too.

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The right medicine for a cough (due to a cold) is one that does its work where the cough is lodged...that is, in the cough zone. That's why Smith Brothers made their famous cough syrup thick, heavy, clinging. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers'—it's *safe!* 35¢ and 60¢.

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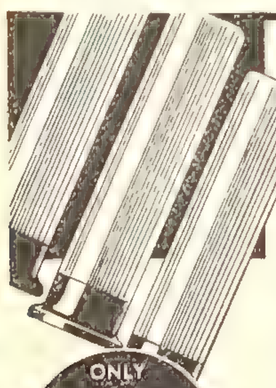

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TAGGING the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52 and 53

Stowaway 20th Century-Fox

Just what we've been waiting for—a story in which the really talented trouper, Shirley Temple, can play a part, a star one, instead of having to carry the entire burden on her own personality. Here's a good, interesting little romance that will entertain the adults who take the youngsters to see Shirley. Robert Young, Alice Faye, Helen Westley, and others in a good cast help make it a fine and dandy show.

Three Smart Girls Universal

New faces, clever situations, a delightfully refreshing picture introducing one of the loveliest voices heard on the screen—that of young, pretty Deanna Durbin. This is about three sisters, Deanna, Nan Grey and Barbara Read, who try to prevent their father from marrying an adventuress, Binnie Barnes. All mentioned are excellent, and so too are Alice Brady, Ray Milland, and John King. You must see it!

God's Country and the Woman Warners

Here, at last, is a color film in which the story is the paramount issue, as it should be. Yet scenic backgrounds and the color work are the most natural so far offered. Fine performances by George Brent, Beverly Roberts, Alan Hale, and Robert Barrat, realize the finest dramatic and romantic qualities of a thoroughly interesting story about business rivalry and love in the big timber lands. Very entertaining.

Great Guy Grand National

Here is James Cagney in full stride along paths of action drama of the kind his faithful followers like. Jimmy is a G-Man on a municipal scale—weights and measures department of a city government—fighting crooked politicians and gangsters. Mae Clarke is prettier, more interesting than we've seen her in some time. There is not the support of as adequate a production as formerly, but Cagney's tops.

The Holy Terror 20th Century-Fox

Here is just the kind of a picture Jane Withers herself will tell you, confidentially, she likes because it permits her "to get into plenty of mischief." The story is slight, but there's sufficient opportunity for Jane to do her special, and especially interesting, type of mimicry. There are some good laughs supplied by Joe Lewis and El Brendel, with good songs by Anthony (wotta voice!) Martin, and Leah Ray.

Join the Marines Republic

All the action you want, a very competent cast, and a good enough story to make this one of this company's best to date. It is all about a girl who can't make up her mind whether or not to marry her Marine sweetheart, and the mix-up that arises from her indecision. Paul Kelly is exceptionally good as the young Marine. June Travis, Warren Hymer, Reginald Denny, and Sterling Hollaway, all fine.

Crack-Up 20th Century-Fox

An excellent piece of melodrama concerning the plotting of an ace pilot to steal his employer's plans for an invention. Ralph Morgan, the inventor, Thomas Beck, the young co-pilot, and Helen Wood as a clerical worker, are very fine, but the outstanding acting performance is done by Brian Donlevy as the conniving pilot, with Peter Lorre in the rôle of a foreign spy running a very close second. Pretty good.

DELIRIOUSLY, MAGNIFICENTLY MAD!

The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set "My Man Godfrey" apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT *from anything you've ever seen! It tops them all!*

Giant cast!.. Sparkling personalities!.. Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson!.. Breath-catching gowns!.. Fun, frivolity, frenzy!.. Music, mad-waggery, mirth and magnificence!

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THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

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Did you ever give your Teeth a

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FRAGRANT, stimulating—it gives your mouth new freshness, your teeth new brilliance and allure. You've got a delightful new treat ahead of you if you will change to Listerine Tooth Paste.

This is the dentifrice so dainty, so refreshing, so beautifying in effect that many exotic New York models use no other. Living by their smiles, these lovely women know all beauty aids—tooth paste in particular—as few ordinary women can.

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Contained in this dentifrice is a rare combination of gentle cleansers, satin-soft in texture, that were especially chosen by beauty experts, working with dental authorities. No other tooth paste contains this exact formula. They cleanse and brighten in a way that makes ordinary dentifrices seem ineffective. Yet Listerine Tooth Paste is safety itself.

Try it a month and see for yourself what a real beauty aid it is.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Robert Taylor

DEAR Armand:

I wish you'd make up your mind.

We women of America want to get this thing settled. Just who, I mean whom—*do* you love, anyway?

It was all so simple when you were playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "His Brother's Wife" at the studio daytimes and at the Troc, or somewhere, evenings. We knew where we stood, then. Robert Taylor Loves Barbara Stanwyck? All right. We like Barbara and we gave our blessing, by way of coming to theatres in perfect droves to see you. Any other girl but Barbara, and it might have been a different story. But Barbara was an old friend; a grand gal; and we decided to make an exception in her case. Stanwyck-Taylor was a team that got by with us.

But then what happened? Why, then you were cast in "Camille." And before long all we heard was "Robert Taylor Loves Garbo"—"Garbo Loves Taylor," and what *not* all. Fickle, eh? Falling for a new screen love, eh? Well, you just about destroyed all our illusions, that's what you did. Not that Barbara minded; she was busy among "The Plough and the Stars." But we took it pretty hard; sometimes it seemed as though our little hearts would break. They didn't, because Tyrone Power came along; but it was nip and tuck there for a while.

Of course, "Camille" was worth a few heartthrobs. Those love scenes between you and Greta, all in the name of art, you understand, are perfect, and we wouldn't have missed them for anything. (I can speak for all you girls out there in the great, big audience, can't I? Thanks; I don't mind if I do.) But art's art, and an artist's private life is something else; and that's why we were perturbed all over again when Ginger Rogers seemingly reared her lovely redhead at you, and there you two were, photographed in each other's coffee at the Troc, or somewhere. It hit the headlines of the gossip columns with a dull, sickening thud. Taylor Likes Ginger—a merger?

But the biggest blow of all was yet to come. Just when it seemed that we couldn't stand anything more, we heard that you were to play opposite Jean Harlow. Frankly, this was going too far. Robert Taylor Loves Jean Harlow—with pictures! We can't bear it. Robert Taylor Loves Loretta Young, yes. Robert Taylor Loves Janet Gaynor—well, er,—yes. Robert Taylor could even Love Luise Rainer, or Myrna Loy; or, as he did, Irene Dunne, Eleanor Powell, Joan Crawford. But Robert Taylor Loves Jean Harlow—stop! Dangerous curves ahead. Maybe Barbara doesn't object, but we do. This can't go on. What, our eager young *Armand* in the toils of the screen's top enchantress, whom even that super-suave sophisticated man-of-the-world William Powell couldn't *quite* resist in "Libeled Lady"? I tell you, this is too much. Girls, I am organizing our own rescue party right now. On to Hollywood! By mail, if not in person, throw your weight—well, anyway, your fan influence—smack at Metro; stand up for our rights. Taylor symbolizes the *Armands* of the world, the romantic lover, the well-brought-up young man; the almost-but-not-quite-too-perfect gentleman. Don't rough him up in "Tell It To the Marines," even for Jean. He's not the type. He's too nice. Come on, girls. Robert Taylor must NOT Love Jean Harlow, if we can help it.

Delight Evans

A Real Day with Clark Gable

By Ben Maddox

Here's a cross-section of Gable's day off. Beginning at left, with his favorite horse, Southern Son. Center, with the dog who races along with him on his rides. Right, above, at the rifle range, where Gable is a good, accurate shot.

Spend his day off with King Clark, who's the most exciting masculine company in Hollywood!

IT COULD happen only in Hollywood—a day like this! And only with Clark Gable *himself*.

Thrills—surprises—unorthodox behavior and unexpected laughs! No one else, and I've met that latest batch of screen heroes, could be quite such exciting company.

A real day with Clark in person, away from the studio and all strings, reveals Charm Guy Number One in action, as he wishes to be. It is the one sure tip to his character as it actually is today.

"When I don't have to work, I play," he asserts forcefully. "I don't doll up and swank it Beverly Hills style. I don't huddle with a business manager and clip coupons, either. When I can get away from it all I 'git' in my own peculiar fashion, and for once I do exactly what *I* want!"

So I discovered.

He is no longer the dutiful husband, master of a Brentwood home. Deep emotions have swept the slate of his private life clean once more, and he is living still another vivid chapter. How? That's precisely what you're going to learn here!

Has success given him a stiff neck from

Read in our story how Gable narrowly escaped a bad accident while riding Southern Son, pictured above. It's a thrilling—and true—account, and proves that Clark could give Gary Cooper keen competition as a hard-riding hero of Westerns. Right, a real man lights up.

bowing to the right and left? I found him with a stiff neck—yes! But wait until you discover how he got it. Is the fascinating Gable glow any less potent? Has he jumped from the frying pan of marriage into the red-hot fire of a typical Hollywood love affair? Does he track Carole Lombard—lunching her at the Brown Derby, cocktailing her at the fashionable Seven Seas, and dining swankily before going truckin' at the Troc? *I know now!*

"I'll bet you a tip on the races that you don't dare tell the precise truth!" he said to me. Clark always talks in virile exclamations.

"Just you wait and see," I retorted.

I put Clark to the brand new test devised for film top-notchers. By spending an entire day with a Big Name you can learn all the little, actually important things you've been curious about. I don't arrange a specifically planned day in which I'd be diplomatically entertained, mind you. On the contrary, I simply take "pot-luck." A sudden vacation from work and I see what happens. I'm a tag-along pal for a day, and believe me I'm stumbling upon the most amazing, hitherto unmentioned facts.

Clark is the second in this scoop SCREENLAND series, Robert Taylor having led off. There's a similarity between the Crown Prince of Hollywood and King Gable besides super-masculinity. When they got the chance to relax they both went for a ride—and I had to prove I could take it, as you'd have had to! Taylor has a racing strip-down and I survived his tempo of ninety miles an hour. Gable's car is more of a shock and it's merely a convenience. You'll never guess what he keeps to go driving in when *he* is bent on escaping from it all.

My previous interviews with Clark, like everyone else's, had been official occasions at the studio. There he was comparatively on guard. "Now why should I be?" he'd ask. But perhaps—just perhaps—he had always been turning on the million-dollar personality when we of the press hove into sight. Maybe he's a dud on his time off from the glamor school at M-G-M?

Let's rip right into all the details and you write me what you think!

He sent me a wire saying, "The Irish are fighting without me tomorrow. I will give you a ring when I wake up. I am going to sleep as late as possible." Signed *Clark.* (He soon addresses you by your given name and likes to be called by his.)

It was 10 a.m. when my telephone buzzed loudly.

"Man, have I been sleeping! That's my idea of fun when I don't have to roll out at dawn. But skip over!"

I speeded over. Clark resides at Beverly Hills' best hotel, but although he is the most illustrious guest he is by no means the most elegant. In some ways I'll bet he's quite embarrassing! He could be the world's most pampered collar-ad, but it seems he's kind of stubborn about being Exhibit A. He behaves, in fact, in an astonishingly *non*-ritzy manner. As you shall learn.

Recently he moved into a four-room suite on the eighth floor back, to get away from the noise of street traffic. He isn't cramped, but he certainly isn't rattling around in regal style either. Since this seems to be a fairly permanent residence you might suppose he'd have ordered an expensive decorator to satisfy his whims. But aha—! Here is where I *do* get going on this devil-may-care gallant.

He whisked his door open. "There's no stooge to do it," he explained. "My morning clothes!" he exclaimed when he caught my wonder at his garb. He had on cowboy overalls, vintage boots, and a yellow turtle-neck sweater that had seen better seasons. He hardly matched the background.

"What's the gag?" I asked.

"Gag nothing! These are my riding clothes, and we're off for a canter or two."

I managed to gasp, "Do you venture forth on the Beverly bridle paths like *that?*"

Clark laughed in that irresistible, explosive manner of his. "Bridle path? Say, you're in for a jolt!"

Meanwhile he showed me around. "The hotel has good taste, so why the heck should I try to improve on what's already comfortable? I've got some books, these hunting prints, my guns, and this Capehart." No special stellar interior-decorating, no bending (*Continued on page* 65)

The Unknown Women

Who are they, the mysterious ones who help and influence the careers of famous actors? Meet them here, for the first time. They're important

Bob Montgomery, above, cheers up his conscientious secretary, Beatrice Halstead. Is Robert Taylor, left, still a hero to his hairdresser, center? Well, just look at her expression! That's Margaret Booth, film cutter of "Camille," with the dark glasses. Left, below, Clark Gable rehearses the lines of a love scene with script clerk Florence Thomas.

BILL POWELL calls Margaret Wood his little mascot. Clark Gable calls to Florence Thomas: "Come on over and rehearse with me, honey." Bob Taylor's likely to pop in at Virginia Thompson's home at any hour from before breakfast to midnight. Myrtle Gallagher's been known to smooth his hair in public. Beatrice Halstead sits beside Bob Montgomery while, throned in a barber's chair in his dressing-room, her boss has his face made up.

Day by day these girls work beside these men. The girls are unknown. The men are famous. While women everywhere sigh over their photographs, thrill to their voices, dream of the bliss of meeting them face to face, these girls are in daily contact with them, writing their letters, brushing makeup from their coats, sewing buttons on their costumes, watching them play their love scenes with other women, sometimes mothering them, often kidding them, always helping them. Three things they never do—they never sigh, they never thrill, they never dream. To feminine fandom, Montgomery and Taylor, Gable and Powell spell romance. To Florence and Margaret, to Myrtle and Beatrice and Virginia, they spell a job.

All five are sane and level-headed. They wouldn't otherwise be where they are. Unless you're a god, you can digest worship only in small doses. Sheep's eyes with the daily mail fast become a bore, and what would you do with the gift of a throbbing heart when all you ask is a powder puff? By some sixth sense denied their more sentimental sisters, these girls know that a star is a creature who walks like a man, talks like a man, laughs and gets sore and gets over it like a man, differing in no essential from their own brothers and fathers and boy friends. Which enables them to go about their business calmly, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Margaret Wood's softly-rounded face keeps some of its little-girl contours. She suggests that other *Maggie* in "What Every Woman Knows"—a blend of shy dignity, instinctive poise, and lurking humor. Some three years ago she managed to get a pass to the studio, walked into the wardrobe department and asked for a job "because I love to sew." She's the kind people take to. Maybe that's why they put her right to work. Certainly it's one of the reasons why Jean Harlow asked that she be promoted from general wardrobe to work on the set of "Suzy," and again on "Libeled Lady"—the first wardrobe girl to work on the set of a modern picture.

It was Jean who introduced her to Bill Powell. "And when you first start meeting them," Margaret told me, "you can't help being impressed and shy, no matter what you say. It's only after a while that you become matter-

Behind Hollywood Men

By Ida Zeitlin

Virginia Thompson, shown above with her boss, is the lucky girl who sees Bob Taylor every day! Virginia still calls Bob by his family nickname, "Arl." No awe here! William Powell, right, goes over his lines for the next scene with Florence Thomas while Joseph Calleia looks on. Bill calls Margaret Wood, at right below, his "little mascot."

of-fact. My first impression of Bill was how well he puts the meeter at ease. His handshake was so friendly, and so were his eyes, and he said: 'So this is Maggie—Maggie-be-nimble,' and ever since then I've been Maggie on the set instead of Margaret.

"From that very first minute I felt comfortable with him. You know how it is—sometimes you can't help feeling self-conscious, thinking: '*Now* what'll I say?' But you don't have to with him, because he kind of reads your mind. That's why everybody loves him so, I guess. It may not sound like such a good reason, but there's more behind it than you'd think. It means he feels for people, tries to put himself in their shoes, wants to make them happy. And there aren't so many who do that.

"He has nicknames for everyone. He calls Jean's hairdresser, Eadie Schnitzelbank, and Myrna Loy Mrs. Horntoot. Of course I called him Mr. Powell at first, but soon he said: 'Bill to my friends, Maggie—Bill to you.' He wanted to know all about my family—how many sisters and brothers I had, how old they were, what my father did. Sometimes when we have a ten-minute relief, he'll say: 'Come on, Maggie, tell me about yourself.' He asks the kind of questions that make you know he's *really* interested, and not just trying to make you feel good. I've told him things I'd never tell anyone else. I've told him so much about my family that now it's as if he were personally acquainted with them all. He *did* meet my father. Bill gave me tickets to a football game once, and I took Pop. Bill's seats were next to ours. When we got home that night, Pop kept waving his hand around and yelling: 'Meet the hand that shook the hand of Bill Powell.' Next day Bill said: 'Looks like your father's one swell guy, Maggie.' When I told Pop that, he said pooh and got red behind the ears, but he wouldn't sell that compliment for money.

"It was on location at Sonora with 'Libeled Lady' that I got to know Bill well. He was always so full of gags, and I was his go-between. The prop man used to have coffee on the set every morning. There was a little blonde extra girl who wanted some coffee, so he gave it to her. Then Bill came along and said: 'How about me?' and somebody else—you know how they're always kidding—said: 'You've got to be a blonde to get any coffee around here.'

"So Bill cooked up this gag. I got the clothes from wardrobe, and the make-up man fitted him into a blonde wig. There's no use trying to tell you what he looked like—in a green satin dress with red brocade and a brown straw hat pulled down over the wig, and his big feet in silk stockings sticking out from under a short skirt and his arms bare, and he comes prancing in with a ratty fur round his neck and this little bag dangling from his wrist, and squeaks: 'Harry, can I have some coffee?' For a while I thought there'd be no work done that day.

"It might be hard for some people to imagine him in that rig, because they always think of him as the polished gentleman. He is, but that doesn't mean that he's got a high hat or a stiff shirt. He's polished *in*side," said the soft voice earnestly, "so it doesn't matter *what* he wears.

"I can't begin to tell you about all the thoughtful things he does—parties on the set for anyone who has a birthday. And when Doc, his (*Continued on page 72*)

The Pareras, right, figure out a new camera shot for their album. Reading from top down at the left: Grace Moore at Alp Grüm; before a pottery shop in Venice, Miss Moore, her brother, and his bride; two views taken in the Austrian Tyrol; and, at bottom, two made on the Riviera, with Miss Moore seen waving a hello from the steps of the Hotel de Cap in one of them.

Going Places With a Camera

THEY both take pictures. Each has a camera. And there are two techniques in the family!

"I use a number 2 Brownie and he has a Rolloflex," laughed Grace Moore. "My camera cost a dollar and a half and his cost three hundred. I prefer mine! When I take a picture, I can't be bothered fussing around for ages pulling out *this* or pushing in *that*. I walk up to whatever it is and go click—and there it is!"

She sat on the edge of a mirrored coffee table in her pastel-decorated dressing room on the Columbia lot, her vivid personality sharpened by negative tints. She needs no royal purple. The faded blue of the overalls she wears in "When You're in Love" served to bring out the deeper blue of her eyes.

Valentin Parera, tall and slim and dark, a perfect foil for her blonde beauty, smiled at her over the scattered heap of prints.

"The difference between our shots," he explained, "is that she is

The Pareras take pictures wherever they are, and Grace Moore and her husband always are in interesting places—see for yourself here

By Ruth Tildesley

Left to right, above: View of St. Moritz; Grace Moore and dahlias named for her; group at Eze, which includes the Fritz Kreislers, Madame Balsan, and Miss Moore; ruins of Pompeii.

interested solely in the human figure she sees before her, or in the immediate group or the foreground of the scene. She pays no attention to the background. Whereas I look first to see what I will have in my finished picture—the composition, the light and shade, the relation of one object to another.

"She has no eyes for these things. She looks into the finder, sees my head where she expected it to be, says: 'Stand still!' and takes the picture. As here—" he held out a print showing himself in mountain-climbing outfit beside a Swiss inn.

"That's a pet of mine," pronounced the star, serenely, "and very good, too! What I was interested in was the person, not the scenery. I got the thing I was hoping to get. What do I care about background?"

She tossed her head, triumphantly, and her fair curls moved as if blown by a particularly artistic wind.

"Her method is that of the surprise attack," commented Mr. Parera. "You never hear her say: 'Will you have your picture made, madam?' She snatches up her camera, aims it at them and goes *click*, and the picture is made, whether they will or not.

"I am never so direct. If I am taking people who do not know they are to be taken, I conceal my camera at my side after I have the proper focus, the correct filter, and so on, and flick the shutter with my finger while I pretend to look the other way. Nobody sees me. If I must give the shot time, I set the camera somewhere on my car, perhaps, where it is not conspicuous, and stand near it. No one notices me when I flick the shutter. If people see that someone is going to take a picture, they gather around to watch and then they get in the way. By the time the focus and light and timing is decided, they have cluttered up the scene."

"I have no time to waste with timing and filters," laughed Miss Moore. "When I see what I want, I snap it. I took this Holland street at a quarter of ten one night. If I had stopped to consider, perhaps I'd have decided it was too late!" She flicked through the prints, taken in four different countries on a recent European trip, and selected several.

"Look—this is taken on Maxine Elliott's estate in Cannes. We were staying here while she was getting the place ready for ex-King Edward, who had planned to entertain Mrs. Simpson and some friends there. This is the swimming pool, divided from the sea by a wall. They use sea water in the pool, pumping it in by some marvelous arrangement that cascades the water down.

"And this is the yacht harbor at Cannes, where yachts of all nations are seen. There's the British flag in the foreground. And this one shows Mr. Parera looking toward the harbor, just across the way. I took this one—and with no fuss at all!—but there are clouds and background and everything.

"This is mine, too, taken with my Brownie—Kitzbühel in the Austrian Alps, a place made famous last summer by the ex-King and Mrs. Simpson. Plenty of contrast in this!"

The real reason for amateur picture (*Continued on page* 94)

Three views above from the Pareras' private album show Grace Moore in a frolic with mountain goats in the Swiss Alps; Casa Lauretta, the Parera villa at Cannes; Grace in Budapest, with the Blue Danube in the background.

He's the latest and the most thrilling new romantic actor: young Tyrone Power; and at left above you see him making love to his newest screen sweetheart, Loretta Young, in "Love Is News." Now, below, catch him with his real heart-throb, Sonja Henie.

Do you, girls of America, take Tyrone Power as your true screen lover?

Romantic vs.

SINCE you can't get any place with Clark Gable and Robert Taylor these days, they being all tied up, sealed, and practically delivered to the Misses Lombard and Stanwyck, I suppose we girls had better put our pretty heads together and dope out something classy in pants for the future. Who will be the next big romantic interest in Hollywood? Now I don't want to seem a kill-joy, and I don't want any accusations of sour grapes thrown at me—what if Gable *didn't* give me a tumble?—but as everybody knows the Man of the Moment, the Hero of the Hour, the Dog of the Day, and the Play of the Year can't last forever. Why, it's inevitable that during the year 1937 we shall have to cope with whole new crowds of frightfully attractive and fascinating young men, one of whom will undoubtedly be It. But who?

Let's all of us girls think hard now for five minutes, it will break my record for the year, and select the screen boy of the future. Mark Hellinger thinks it's in the bag for Tony Martin, and Mervyn Le Roy is positive it's Fernand Gravet, and Mischa Auer is certain it's Mischa Auer, because he's definitely the Man of the Auer—(all right, skip it). But don't let anybody influence you; you're on your own, and the pickings are good. There now, five minutes are up, and whom have you got?

Me? I've got Jimmy Stewart with Tyrone Power as runner-up, and I've got Tyrone Power with Jimmy Stewart runner-up. You can see what a state I'm in. I'm completely torn between the realistic and romantic type of actor. Both are so-o-o attractive, but Jimmy's as realistic as bread and butter and strawberry jam, and Tyrone's as romantic as moonlight madness on the Mediterranean, (I've been reading those books again). Realism or Romance? I'll have to have more time to ponder. Well, anyway, they're both unmarried, as we go to press, and that is something.

And how's about Jimmy? Although he has been in Hollywood just a little over a year, the Stewart boy has indeed made progress. You first saw him as Jeanette MacDonald's weakling brother in "Rose Marie," a mere "bit," and you saw him last in "After the Thin Man," and what a surprise performance *that* was. But of course the highlight of his Hollywood career so far has been the lead opposite Eleanor Powell in Metro's super-lavish musical, "Born to Dance," in which picture Jimmy both sang and danced delightfully. Mr. Stewart isn't a birdbrain and he knows how people talk, so just in case there might be some chit-chat to the effect that his song was "dubbed-in" he proceeded to sing over the radio following the preview. Smart boy.

His success in Hollywood hasn't been of the celluloid only. Heavens, no, you should see the way the girls crowd around. As a matter of fact, since taking up residence in our village he has had more girls than pictures, and if you ask me I think the young man has a decided girl complex. But he likes lots of girls, it seems, not just one

Or do you, ladies, prefer James Stewart, leader of the realistic school of movie heroes? In this story you meet both boys, and now you can make your choice!

Jimmy Stewart is fresh young America personified. Above, with Virginia Bruce. Below, in a typically peppy pose.

By
Elizabeth Wilson

Realistic!

girl, and so far there has been no overwhelming romantic interlude. His friendship with a girl is all quite casual. He doesn't breathlessly rush a girl off of her feet, he doesn't bury her in orchids when he takes her stepping, he doesn't call her up every day, and not once has he even considered taking a plane for Yuma. Not very exciting, really, and certainly not very passionate; but I've never yet heard any of his girls complain. He's never had to spend a night at the telephone trying to find a date. Oh, he gets his women, all right, without any of that romantic business.

Jimmy never "drops" a girl, he simply adds to his collection. His girl friends in Hollywood have been "on and off" Margaret Sullavan, Jeanette MacDonald, Shirley Ross, Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell, Virginia Bruce, and Anita Louise, whom he "discovered" at the recent Gene Raymond party and has been escorting here and there "on and off" ever since. (I've often wondered how he happened to miss Betty Furness and Mary Brian, but I don't suppose it's any of my business, really.) Jimmy once played in a Broadway show, it was Good-bye Again," with Margaret Sullavan who was married at that time to Henry Fonda; and the three of them became good pals, so it was only natural that when Jimmy came to Hollywood that he should start dating Margaret who was "between husbands" at the moment. Jimmy and Henry Fonda, along with two former classmates of Jimmy's, John Swope and Joshua Logan, rented a low rambling farmhouse in Brentwood, two doors from Garbo's big white fences, and started such mad goings-on among the younger set as you never heard. Oh, I don't mean naughty, just goofy. Dignified old Brentwood would suddenly be waked up out of a sound sleep in the middle of the night by the most frightening shrieks and yells; but it wouldn't be Indians hell-bent on a massacre, just

(Continued on page 62)

The Great Love Story Of A Patriot

Clark Gable and Myrna Loy re-create this moving romance of a gallant leader and the woman of his heart

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

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Gable has his strongest rôle as CHARLES PARNELL, whose mother and mistress, at once, was his country, Ireland—until he met KATIE O'SHEA, and then his heart was divided. Myrna Loy is seen as KATIE, in scenes with Gable, left above; with Edna Mae Oliver, left, as her devoted AUNT BEN; at left below with Alan Marshal as KATIE's husband, WILLIE O'SHEA. The dramatic scene below shows a moment from one of the most sensational political trials in English history, with PARNELL defending himself on charges of conspiracy and treason.

ALWAYS before there had been Ireland taking whatever place there would have been for a woman in his heart. Ireland, with her woman's need of him and his strength. Ever since he had been a lad it had been like that with Charles Parnell. He had felt no further urge for love than this patriot's devotion to the soil from which he had sprung. Home rule for Ireland! He wanted it as another man would want precious jewels to lay at a woman's feet.

No matter to him that women's eyes could be blue with his native lakes lovelier by far in his sight, no matter that women's eyes could be gray with the mist of an Irish morning sweeter still in his memory, no matter that women's eyes could be brown with the deep thicknesses of his own forests to enchant him.

Ireland, mother and mistress at once! He loved her as a man can only love the woman for whom he has sacrificed. Was it any wonder then when his own countrymen heard him speak on his American tour that they gave of whatever they had to gain freedom for the country that belonged to them too? Was it any wonder that he was the head of the Irish party in Parliament and that from one end of Ireland to the other he was spoken of as

Please See Page 85 for Complete Cast and Credits

The drama of "Parnell" is interwoven with deathless romance, with KATIE O'SHEA, (Myrna Loy), above, becoming the lodestar of the great patriot's life. Scenes at right, reading from the top, portray PARNELL in a tense courtroom close-up; then "the uncrowned king of Ireland" telling members of the Irish party, "Home rule is here!" The drama deepens as PARNELL's staunch heart fails; but above all, his devotion to KATIE O'SHEA shines through. If you enjoy true love stories, beautifully told, do not miss our enthralling fictionization of an outstanding picture.

their uncrowned king?

Only now, looking at this woman standing there in his office in London, this woman with wide grave eyes and tender mouth, it was suddenly as if she had become one with Ireland. No, more than that, as if Ireland were now a part of her, part of her voice and her eyes and her lips and her hands twisting in that still way.

And Katie O'Shea, facing him, felt a faint rustling in her veins and a quickening in her heart. It was because he was Parnell, she told herself, and because through Ireland he had become something of a god to her, and because he looked like the man Parnell should be—tall and eager with quick flames for eyes and a mouth shaped for strength.

"You're not Mrs. O'Shea?" he asked, and he remembered her husband, a man of his party that he distrusted and disliked.

"Yes." She tried to laugh but it trembled with her embarrassment of being there. It had been easier to do the other things her husband demanded of her, to beg money from Aunt Ben for him, to entertain his friends on the rare visits he paid to the rambling country house in Kent where she lived with her aunt. Even going on as his wife, relinquishing the divorce she wanted so desperately, was easier than this currying of favor for him from a man she admired above all other men.

"Are you surprised?" When she laughed he saw the way her eyes crinkled at the corners and the way her chin tilted just a little. "What did you expect? Gray hair and wrinkles?"

"No." Parnell was looking at her as if he could never stop looking at her again. "Not that, but. . . ."

"But what?" Her voice leapt with something that was almost eagerness, with something her marriage to Willie O'Shea had taken from her.

"Well, not *you.*" She saw then his mouth could be curiously gentle and his eyes sombre. "Because—because I've been looking for you! I saw you last week at the opera. 'Don Giovanni.' You were there. In a white dress, with lace on it. You wore white roses. I wondered who you were."

"Well, now you know. I'm Mrs. O'Shea." She tried to deny the shame of being there at Willie's insistence, and yet it trembled in her voice for all that effort to be casual and gay. "Is it part of your duty to a new member of your party, to pay his wife compliments?"

"You wouldn't pay me the compliment of believing that I'm serious?" He took a step towards her. "Have you never felt there might be someone, somewhere, who if you could find them was the person that you'd always meant to meet? Have you never felt that?"

"No." Katie's hands pressed closer together but she looked away from his eyes holding her. "I think some- (*Continued on page 85*)

Five

III. "The Director's Wife"

Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy

Mervyn and Doris LeRoy, one of Hollywood's truly successful real-life "teams": Mervyn as outstanding director, Doris as charming wife, influential hostess, and mother of LeRoy, Jr. Right, a family group including the LeRoys and Mrs. LeRoy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Warner. Right, below, the director with his two current stars, Fernand Gravet and Joan Blondell, rehearsing a scene for "The King and the Chorus Girl."

When Doris Warner LeRoy interviews a prospective domestic for the staff of the elaborate LeRoy estate in Bel Air, she usually says in effect:

"Our name is LeRoy. We are picture people. We live here, just the two of us with the baby. We want to be happy in this home, and we want you to be happy in our service."

I am quoting it now because I think, more than anything else, it explains the atmosphere of charm and warmth within the walls of one of the colony's most impressive show places.

Just as Mervyn LeRoy, who doesn't look a day over twenty-five, even with his new honors of producer-director resting modestly on his shoulders, is more than "just another Hollywood director," so is Doris Warner LeRoy more than "just a director's wife."

They are of the movies, for them, and by them. Their marriage five years ago united two houses rich in the tradition of the show world. The Warner name, trademark of the famous producing brethren, is too well known to need detailed resumé here, and Doris is a daughter of that house. Mervyn, nephew of Jesse Lasky, has known nothing but the life of the theatre ever since he could understand "shop" talk.

The approach to the LeRoy estate high on a Bel Air

Hollywood Wives

Latest in SCREENLAND's exclusive series revealing the private-life problems of the screen colony's real "leading ladies"—here, Doris Warner LeRoy gives you her utterly frank reactions to the "career" of managing her home and helping her husband, Hollywood's youngest important director

By Dorothy Manners

hill is in keeping with everything you might expect from such a socially prominent couple. Enormous trees shroud the roadway, giving way onto a heavily barred gate through which it is impossible for an unidentified guest, or an unwelcome stranger to pass. There is not only the lock between you and the home life of the LeRoys, but there is also the presence of a watchman who knows every face and appointment expected for the day.

If you are lucky enough to swing past these gates, a scene of rare beauty greets you. Flowers in great profusion bank the circular drive swinging toward the entrance. Emerald green lawns slope away from three sides of the house toward the fenced-and-hedged boundaries.

Even when you step into the brilliance of the blue-mirrored entrance hall leading spaciously to the blue-and-green drawing room, with its black marble fireplace and crystal chandelier, in one direction—and to the right the dining-room, the powder-room, and the long hall connecting with another wing of the house, you are immersed in an expected air of luxury.

You expect the sound of servants moving softly in the background. After a moment or two of waiting, you become accustomed to the luxury, the immensity, and the beauty of the place, but if you have not met her before, and I had not—you are not prepared for Doris Warner LeRoy.

This slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl who has known nothing but luxury all her life, is so absolutely natural and charming that her simplicity of manner is completely disarming. As she leads us upstairs to Mervyn's office "because it is the room I like best," with its enormous desk and deep comfortable chairs, she might be the average happy young matron with the management of one baby, one home, and one husband on her hands instead of the mistress of this fifteen-room establishment with its veritable hotel staff. I told her I thought her home was one of the most beautiful in the colony, and that it had something so few of the others had—an aliveness and warmth. I didn't mention that I suspected much of this came from her own vitality and obvious happiness.

"That's a really nice thing to (*Continued on page* 96)

Hailed by Noel Coward and O. O. McIntyre as a youthful film genius, Mervyn LeRoy is called "the boy director" despite his big successes and stogies. Below, at left is party group including Randy Scott, Fay Wray, and Fay's husband, John Monk Saunders. Right, a big catch between big cinemas.

Holding Out on Hollywood

Hollywood offers leads opposite its most glamorous beauties—he's appeared with Hepburn, Crawford, and in his latest film, Merle Oberon, as seen above—and Hollywood offers big salaries. But Aherne confines screen work to a picture now and then. He tells you why in this story.

Brian Aherne hates being "tied down," shuns contracts—professional as well as personal—despite tempting offers

By Michael Markham

ONE day as I was about to enter the Brown Derby, I saw a young girl approach Brian Aherne, and ask him for his autograph, which was graciously given. The girl's eyes looked up and followed him into the well-known restaurant of the film stars. Then she said to her companion, "Gee, I think he's swell! I wonder why we don't see him in more pictures?"

"I don't know," the older girl replied, still gazing after the retreating figure of the tall Englishman. "I haven't seen him since 'Sylvia Scarlett.' You remember—that picture he was in with Katharine Hepburn. Wasn't he cute?"

I suppressed a chuckle. Brian Aherne cute! Well, hardly; but some girls in their teens still have a way of calling everything and anybody they like "cute," so I desisted from enlightening these youngsters as to the correct meaning of the word, and went in to order my dinner.

But what they had said about Aherne's infrequent appearances on the screen set me to thinking. There is no denying that the man can act; and there is certainly nothing lacking in feminine appeal. Ask any femme from the age of sixteen to sixty, and they'll all admit that he's got what it takes. More and more, I've listened to fans and professionals praise his work, and they always end up with the same question, "Why don't we see more of him? He is such a polished actor."

Finally, after hearing this for the umpty-umph time, I decided to find out—from him, himself.

I was first introduced to Brian Aherne on the set of Samuel Goldwyn's production of "Beloved Enemy," in which he was working with Merle Oberon.

Now it's sort of a ticklish business, interviewing an actor you haven't met before. You wonder how to break the ice, having just been introduced for the first time. It was a cinch with this fellow. After a hearty greeting, and a firm handshake, he said, "Let's go over there." He pointed to a couple of directors' chairs away from the scramble of property men, electricians, and actors. We dodged an Irish jaunting cart, that came down the Dublin Street set. "Looks just like the old country, doesn't it?" he asked. I agreed with him. It did, but I would much rather dodge an automobile than a horse-drawn cart.

Anyway, we both lit our pipes and settled down for a chat. A couple of puffs, and then I sprang that moot question. . . Why did he do only one or two pictures a year in Hollywood?

"Oh, that!" he said laughing. "That's not difficult to explain. You see, I like to do a play every so often, and if I were tied down with a long term contract, it wouldn't be possible."

I reminded him that several stars (*Continued on page 78*)

Reunion In "Maytime"

You've asked for it—and now here it is! Nelson Eddy aud Jeanette MacDonald make it a trio for their thrilling duet as screen singers and romancers in a musical follow-up to "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie." Their story is about two opera singers, who lived, loved, and thrilled people in 1865, precisely as Nelson and Jeanette do today on the screen. Here, above, we have two close-ups of the eagerly-sought Mr. Eddy; upper left the co-stars in a romantic pose, and again Mr. Eddy doing a solo.

That Teasing Touch of the Exotic

It wouldn't be Hollywood if the lads and the lovelies failed to gild the lily, pile up the ostrich plumes, and stress the sex menace—we like it!

There's more than a mere teasing touch of the exotic in the screen moods and style modes of the late-model offerings from the cinema center. Above, the very exotic M. Charles Boyer may be seen bedevilling that forthright American girl, Jean Arthur, all in the interests of "History is Made at Night"—and won't we be amazed if they don't change that title in a moment of Haysian hesitancy. Below, the lush Margot Orahame and the so-sinister Akim Tamiroff of "General Died at Dawn" memory, in a scene from "Michael Strogoff," the old thriller. At right, gorgeous Loretta Young strikes a new high in feminine allure and exotic fashions.

The exotic expressed in terms of lighting gives special interest to a love scene, at left, played by Heather Angel and Ray Milland in "Bulldog Drummond Escapes." Below, all-star cast of a picturesque drama, "King Solomon's Mines." Sir Cedric Hardwicke, John Loder, Roland Young, Anna Lee, Paul Robeson. On the right, Mary Carlisle believes in silver foxes.

Ah, the great comeback! Marlene Dietrich's knees, below, reappear in "Knight without Armor," in which you'll be seeing Marlene with Robert Donat as her leading man. The rakish slant to things even has its influence on fashions for men. Don't look now, but that's Lew Ayres' new hat—Lew, of course, wearing it—in the picture over there at lower left.

Who Says Hollywood Is A Woman's Town?

If seeing's believing, it's the boys like these who dominate the dear, delightful village of make-believe

Well, Warren William, we don't wonder you're grinning, what with your latest job making up to Mae West. As for Victor McLaglen, below, he's on coast guard for "Coast Patrol"—and likes it.

Yes, that's Preston Foster, far left, going gob on us—good actor! Left, Gene Raymond, not so pensive as he looks, what with Ann Sothern for a screen sweetheart and Jeanette MacDonald as his actual fiancee. Below, Tony Martin, terrific! Right, the amiable Mike Whalen.

Weaving right down at you across these two pages, from left to right, our all-star cast of contented actors: Joel McCrea, Bob Young, Donald Woods, John Boles, and, far right, George Brent.

Hollywood's Credo: Keep Fit!

Go out and play on the beach—and if you can look as lovely as Ginger Rogers does up there at the top of this page, why, so much the better. Or maybe you'd prefer tennis. Simone Simon, that spirited little French girl does, at upper left. Now Robert Benchley, don't spoil our act like that! Maybe you keep healthy taking it easy over there at the left, but we're advocating action, and more of it. Nearer left, and nearer our idea, is Chester Morris, the old bag-puncher.

Don't neglect your exercise if you expect to stay healthy, Hollywoodish, and wise! The screen people know something about keeping fit—and here's how they do the trick

Sun-bathing, à la Hollywood, is Diana Gibson, above. Right above, Andrea Leeds is so good at biking she can do a star balancing act. Far right, Leo Carrillo, for the fun and exercise of it, chases his servants for a day now and then, does the house-cleaning himself. Uh-huh! Ann Dvorak's hobby is horticulture, right. Now just cast your eyes across the lower tier of this gallery of gay health hints and see how adept Anne Shirley is at a very tricky acrobatic routine.

One for the book of fashions for men. Fernand Gravet, above, recently over from France to star in "The King and the Chorus Girl," gets the Hollywood idea, wears a scarf made of newspapers. Left, Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are up to some new gags in "Swing High, Swing Low."

Stunts!

The Spice of Hollywood

Here's George Arliss, dignified and distinguished star, turning into a fashion plate for "Men of Affairs." Right: the whole story in four scenes—Gracie Allen decides to drive herself, and her long-suffering partner in dizzy adventure, George Burns, right into the hands of the law—and is thrilled by her success.

Left, across page, Loretta Young is ever quick to enter the spirit of the occasion and offers her own stunt. Frances Langford is the neat package of personality and well-tailored style you see wrapped in cellophane at near left. Above—one to make you guess. Look again and discover Dick Powell making time fly as he masquerades as a mellowing, portly butter-and-egg man, in a scene with Madeleine Carroll for "On the Avenue." Right, bowling one right down the alley is a good stunt if you can do it expertly like, for instance, Barbara Pepper.

No use worrying about where all the gags are coming from. The screen stars will supply them, with a little able assistance of the camera boys. Have a look at the latest here

Ray Jones

The "big number," at left, gets hot: Doris Nolan and George Murphy, not to mention the girls, are doing all right; but Hugh Herbert, in circle, forgets all his training as fire chief and lets it sizzle. The close-up below—can it be? George Murphy has forsaken all others for Gertrude Niesen, not that we blame him.

Here's how we like our pictures—girls, songs, gaiety, and Hugh Herbert

For Mirth Only!

Hollywood is putting more hilarity into its big musicals, but naturally hasn't forgotten to give them romance, the glitter of gorgeous girls, and those swingy tunes. We present flashes of "Top of the Town," Universal's super-terrific, film fiesta as a prime sample of the gay new trend.

Gary vs. George

Messrs. Cooper and Raft, co=starring for the first time, are fighting for first honors and Frances Dee

Ruggedly realistic, for Hollywood, are Gary Cooper and George Raft in "Souls of the Sea," a new picture of the days of sailing ships and slave-traders. The charming Frances Dee, shown in two new poses at left, replaces those "girls in every port," for she's the Only Girl for Gary and George. Those three guesses aren't essential for figuring who wins her, for when did Gary ever lose the girl!

Kenneth Lobben

There May Be A "Discovery" Here

Glamor, romance, character delineators, even comedy prospects, are represented here. On this page you'll find: Akim Tamiroff, upper left; Fred Lawrence, Janice Jarrett, Patricia Farr, Doris Dudley, comic Teddy Hart, Olympe Bradna, left to right in the two upper tiers. Three challengers for screen hero honors (left to right) above are: Jack Dunn, Charles Quigley, Donald Grayson. Right, Della Lind.

Some of these promising youngsters have impressed you in recent films. Others are being readied for featured parts. Left, Helen Burgess. Immediately below, left to right: John Payne, Joan Perry, Deanna Durbin, of the beautiful voice. In group on lower half of page: Jean Rogers, Alan Marshal, Constance Worth, Polly Rowles, Judith Barrett, Mary Alice Rice. Allan Lane, lower right, pensively peers ahead.

Do a Columbus—no compass needed! Among these likely young candidates may be one or more screen greats of the future. Pick right, and you're a discoverer

Rochelle Hudson strums a mean guitar. Lily Pons warbles a lovely tune. Lee Dixon, upper right, plays chopsticks. James Melton, right, lets out a lusty note. Dick Powell, below, left, starts a song; while Jimmy Stewart, below, clowns with an accordion.

Music Hath Charms!

Catch the film funsters put=ting on airs—the kind that make them, and us, happy

Sister Act!

Olivia de Havilland welcomes her little sister, Joan Fontaine, to the screen

Glance at the lovely girl above, and below. Her movie name is Joan Fontaine, she's RKO-Radio's newest discovery—and, not incidentally at all, she's Olivia's sister.

Now look, left, at Olivia herself—it's no hardship. Then contrast the de Havilland close-up, top, with the adjoining one of sister Joan. See the resemblance? Olivia, a star, is set. Joan, the beginner, has her first small part in "Quality Street."

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Fredric March and Janet Gaynor in "A Star is Born"

Natural tints, as well as acting talents, will be revealed when auburn-tressed Janet Gaynor and dark-eyed Fredric March co-star in a new all-color picture—the scene from which, at top, wins our Best Still honors this month. Here above are Janet and Freddie in a close-up, and at left in another romantic scene. Right, Adolphe Menjou cuts in on Freddie's time—very amusing to Janet, but something about Freddie indicates a bit of jealousy is born.

HERE'S GREATNESS!

Garbo in "Camille"

HERE'S CHARM!

Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in "After The Thin Man"

HERE'S THE MAN OF THE MONTH!

Brian Aherne in "Beloved Enemy"

HERE'S GRIM DRAMA!

"The Black Legion"

HERE'S OUR MONTH'S DISCOVERY!

Sonja Henie in "One in a Million"

HERE'S BEST "SUPPORT"!

Jerome Cowan in "Beloved Enemy"

Jack Oakie in "That Girl from Paris"

Laura Hope Crews in "Camille"

BELOVED ENEMY—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists

THOUGHTFUL, intelligent, always in good taste—and at the same time, a drama of the Irish Rebellion! Probably only a Samuel Goldwyn could produce a combination of art and arms like that, and have us liking and applauding it. It's too easy to say that if there had never been a picture called "The Informer" there would not now be "Beloved Enemy" to interest us. The Irish Rebellion has sufficient strong material for a dozen fine films, and to prove it the current screenplay presents a fresh, unhackneyed view of the embattled Dublin of 1921. New, too, is the leading character, this time not a befuddled follower but an inspired, courageous leader, magnificently played by Brian Aherne—perhaps the first time in screen or stage history that an actor has been permitted to reveal the true militant-poetic Irish soul, rather than the fanatic or comic Irishman of theatrical tradition. As *Dennis Riordan*, brains of the patriot band, Aherne is encouraged to "steal" this picture, even though Merle Oberon as his aristocratic English sweetheart gives a beautiful, sensitive performance. The direction by H. C. Potter is masterly; the camera work by Gregg Toland perfection, in the important Goldwyn manner. Jerome Cowan, in his first screen appearance, is superb as *Riordan's* friend.

AFTER THE THIN MAN—M-G-M

IF YOU were thinking of asking me whether this sequel is as good as "The Thin Man," don't. Let's not go into that at all. "After The Thin Man" is such superlatively good fun most of the time, and so superior to most other mystery films the rest of the time, I haven't the heart to compare it with its inimitable pace-making predecessor. Here, after all, are *Nick and Nora Charles* again. Here, too, is *Asta*—and *Mrs. Asta*. Here's another piquant peek into the private lives of our favorite modern detective and his adorable spouse, this time even to meeting their more objectionable relatives, and until you've met *Nora's Aunt Catherine,* you haven't really lived in the Dashiell Hammett tradition. There are, it seems to me, a few too many murders for complete comfort and enjoyment; but the denouement of this very special assorted murder case is the very dandiest denouement we've ever been in on, with expert comedy by dear *Nick* and *Nora*—I mean Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, of course, and a newcomer named Dorothy McNulty you'd better watch; and high-powered histrionics by James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, and another newcomer, Sam Levene.

THAT GIRL FROM PARIS—RKO-Radio

IF THERE seemed to be something missing from the first Lily Pons picture, you'll discover what it was when you see her new film. It's—nothing more or less than Jack Oakie, whom I hereby recommend to every producer with an opera star under contract as just the antidote to an overdose of operatic grandeur. Not that Mlle. Pons ever went high-note on us, not at all. She's a charming, gracious little person with a sense of humor as exceptional as her amazing coloratura. But it remained for our Oakie to make a Pons picture a real comedy success, and his scenes are the most amusing in the current opus. It concerns a little French girl—these Hollywood surprises!—who runs away from a rich alliance, meets Gene Raymond, and thereafter attaches herself to Gene and his "Wildcats," noisy boys but nice. Put Pons in the midst of a collection boasting Oakie, Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, and Mr. Raymond, and what happens? She falls for Mr. Raymond, be the other boys ever so amusing, and they are. For lovers of the Pons voice, there *is* an operatic sequence, worth the admission price. For fun, there's Oakie—what, again?

Joan the hostess, left, wears her pet house gown of palest pink crepe splashed with silver dots. Above, Joan disproves the convention that blondes shouldn't wear red, with this period-type dinner gown of heavy crepe of a soft shade of red scattered with tiny gold dots. She tops it with a Juliet cap of gold sequins and carries a sequin pouch bag.

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Joan Bennett

Noted for her smart clothes sense, the baby sophisticate of the Bennetts shows us her favorite gowns from her grand new wardrobe

Left, symphony of flowers and furs! Joan poses in her own home wearing a favorite pill-box hat of navy felt, banded with ribbon and garnished with a single deep red rose in front. Joan snuggles in her silver fox furs.

A dream of a dance dress, above, is fashioned of electric blue lace and satin; the draped brassiere-top and bias-cut foundation are of the satin, with a high-waisted over-skirt. For elaborate cocktail parties Joan chooses, right, a suit of smooth-surface black crepe, the dress simply styled, with short sleeves, but brightened with brilliant, flower-shaped rhinestone buttons. Her hat is a brief coction of twisted head-band attached to a fish-net skull cap, with a black and white bird swooping amusingly down on her forehead.

Joan Bennett's "Bird on the wing" dress above, created a minor sensation at its first Hollywood party! Its rounded décolleté, wide shoulder bands, and swallow-tail tunic are outstanding; but its most distinctive feature is the gold sequin bird-on-the-wing embroidered on the tunic front. Note Joan's matching sequin bag.

Here's Glamor with a Sense of Humor!

Our gorgeous Glamor Editor goes informal in clothes with a quaint quirk

You can see that Joan Bennett demands originality in her clothes. If she can't buy it, she supplies it herself. For example, she added the little, silly veil to the diminutive hat shown in the big picture above. And she changes the whole effect of her favorite town suit, shown at upper right, when she changes her wide brimmed hat, as seen in full-length picture, for the extremely frivolous pancake beret of tile-colored suede topped by two birds, as you see in the close-up at left. Please note Joan's stitched suede gloves which match her alligator bag.

African safari with the Countess di Frasso and now lives the life of a country gentleman with excellent etchings where once the grizzly growled.

Katharine Hepburn is one of our earliest stars to go beddy-bye. When Katie is working on a picture she goes to bed at the ungodly hour of 6:30 of an evening, (she arises at five), and woe unto the unfortunate friend who calls Katie at eight o'clock that night for a sociable chit-chat. "What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night?" storms Katie. She lives in Hollywood on the top of Misty Mountain, (she could spit down on Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, and Connie Bennett if she were a mind to), and people who know her say that when she is working she dines early on a tray, dismisses her servants, and takes to the hay at 6:30 —but for some weird reason she leaves the phone connected in her room! That's just inviting trouble.

Now George Raft, not that there's the slightest connection between Georgie and Katie, spent so many years as a dancer in New York night clubs that he can't change the habits of a lifetime, and midnight finds him wide awake and rarin' to go places. He can't even begin to get sleepy until the sun is about ready to pop over the Hollywood reservoir. Fortunately his fiancée, Virginia Pine, likes to stay up late, too, so the two of them are often seen in the night clubs here. Georgie, believe it or not, is a bedroom fusser. Everything has to be right in its place before he can go to sleep, (which speaks well for his early training); all the ashtrays have to be emptied, his clothes properly hung up and put away, the books and magazines on the table straightened, and his dresser as orderly as Tiffany's window. If one errant handkerchief has wandered perchance into the sox drawer Georgie can't close an eyelid until it's back in its proper place. Mr. Raft would gladly sleep until five in the afternoon if someone didn't wake him.

Another guy who just won't wake up of a morning is Melvyn Douglas—sometimes it takes three alarm clocks, a telephone call from Harry Cohn, Melvyn's boss, and a glass of ice water in the face. Melvyn spent a number of years on the New York stage—it was there he met and married the beautiful Helen Gahagan—and as is the custom with those "of the theatre" he stayed awake all night and slept all day except on Wednesday and Saturdays when he had matinées. Imagine his dismay when he arrived in Hollywood and the cinema and discovered that a six o'clock call was nothing out of the ordinary. "It's unthinkable," ranted Mr. Douglas, "it's —it's inhuman! I can't act at seven in the morning!" Most of "Theodora Goes Wild" was made on location by the dawn's early light and it seems to be the consensus of opinion that Mr. Douglas acted all right. Maybe he was wrong.

Basil Rathbone has the finest collection of expensive pajamas of any actor in Hollywood. They fairly shriek of Fifth Avenue and Picca- (*Continued on page 69*)

Good and bad "Bed Habits" of some cinema pets. Shirley Temple, left, can retire early—she's already learned her lines for next day. Jane Withers, right, hears a bedtime script story from her mother. Then, reading up: Rochelle Hudson finishes that last chapter. Melvyn Douglas is a reluctant getter-upper. Loretta Young, top, doesn't look it, but she has "temperamental insomnia"—see our story.

3 Girls on a Match

The fight for Hollywood fame reaches its climax in the lives of 3 girls

By

Rene Brown

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGIA WARREN

Before Bud or Ann could stop her, Pat had picked up the note, was reading the message they had left for her. Pat summoned a smile and cleverly disguised the catch in her voice as she said. "I'm glad. Hope you'll be happy. Good luck to both of you."

PAT never forgot that ride home.

Beverly Hills was fragrant with the odor of roses and lilies and orange blossoms. On high, a lovely moon rose pale and virginal. The foothills lay shrouded in mist.

But Pat saw none of this beauty. She knew only that the California night was cold and that her cheeks were hot. Her wet clothes clung to her body. Her angry thoughts raced round and round in her mind.

She thought of Mrs. McGuinness—she thought of her day at the studio—she thought of the gay cocktail party that had ended in disgrace. Strangely enough, her heart lightened as she thought of Bud and Tallahassee. She would marry Bud and settle down in a green and white house. She would leave this frenzied life to those whose legs were stronger and whose hearts were stouter than her own.

Good-bye to Hollywood. Good-bye to make-believe. Good-bye to fame and glory. Good-bye to Eddie. Eddie. Somehow, that brought a lump into her throat. She had not realized how fond she was of Eddie. But she must bury him deep in her heart and try to be true to Bud.

The little bungalow was strangely quiet when she opened the door with her latchkey. The stark electric light gilded the shabby wicker furniture. It painted the stained gray walls with gold. It painted Bud's luggage piled in a heap on the floor.

Suddenly, Ann's voice drifted out from the kitchen. Ann was laughing. Bud was laughing, too. But as soon as Pat came to the threshold, they looked up and they stopped laughing. Ann's bag was on the kitchen table. Bud had been mending its broken strap. Pat wondered what was in the air.

For a moment, neither said a word. Ann waited on Bud. Bud waited on Ann. Both waited on Pat.

"I guess I look a sight. I had an accident—"

Ann was instantly solicitous. "What happened?"

"Please don't ask me any questions." She shuffled toward the kitchen range. She knew she made a bedraggled, woebegone appearance but her only comment was: "Hope there's some coffee left over from breakfast." She needed a cup of coffee to lift her drooping spirits.

"I'll get it for you!" Ann made a dash for the coffee pot.

"Let me get it!" offered Bud in an oddly stilted voice.

But Pat was there first. "I'll get it myself." She stood at the range, reached up into the closet for a cup, a

Please See Page 81 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

saucer. "How was your day down at the beach?" She reached for the coffee pot. There against the percolator was a note. Pat picked it up. She read it.

Dear Pat,
The chicken was swell. Bud and I decided to get hitched. We're on our way to Tallahassee. Don't take it too hard. You didn't want him anyway. Thanks for everything. And thanks for Bud.
Love,
Ann.
P. S. Hope you make a big success.
Bud.

Ann murmured something.

Bud mumbled something.

Pat summoned a smile. It reached out to each of them, to both of them. "Gee, I'm glad! Hope you'll be happy. Good luck to you—"

"I'm not going through with it," protested Ann. She slipped the diamond ring from her finger and laid it on the table. It was the ring that Bud had bought for Pat.

Pat picked it up and gave it back to Ann. "Here—it's yours—you're tailor-made for Bud." She went on in a rush of words: "You're little—and Bud could take care of you—and—Bud could feed you chicken every day of the week for the rest of your life—." Her voice broke.

Ann interrupted: "But how about you?"

"Me? I belong in Hollywood. Yes, Hollywood's where I belong. Bud's always said so and Bud's right. I'll manage somehow. I'll get along. You better get along, too, if you want to get started tonight." Her heart was breaking but she went on in a cheerful patter of words. "Beautiful moon out. Wonderful night for driving—" She saw them riding through the little towns lying in the moonlight. Now they were in San Bernardino. Now they were going through the pass over the mountain into the desert beyond. Beyond lay Tallahassee—and peace and security for Ann.

"Sure it's all right with you?" asked Bud.

"It's all right with me—if it's all right with Ann," she retorted cockily.

Somehow she could not get them out of the house fast enough. She helped Bud mend the broken strap. She helped Bud pile the baggage into his car. She helped Bud tuck Ann into a blanket on the front seat. And now she was kissing Ann and Ann was kissing her. And now Bud was shaking hands and saying good-bye. The door of the car was being closed. The car was starting. The car was going up the sleepy street. And now there was nothing to show where the car had stood a moment before—nothing but vague shadow. And soon even that was washed away in the moonlight.

Pat turned away from the doorway. She was shivering. The little bungalow was lonely. She had not dreamed a place could be so lonely.

She sank into a chair. She was too spent to cry. It was not that she was jealous of Ann. It was not that she loved Bud. It was just that she felt alone in the world. Suddenly, everything seemed hopeless. There was no use going on. The troubles of the past gave way to the worries of the future. Now that both Olga and Ann had flown the nest, there would be the problem of how to make ends meet. The burden of (*Continued on page 81*)

Striking up the band with the latest star and screen news from the land of exciting events!

Here's Hollywood

By

Weston East

Beauty on the rhythm range. Right, the Music Hall Clarions are a novel new screen sensation.

NO GOSSIP is complete without a Jean Harlow hair item. When next you see the No. 1 Glamor Girl, she'll have a new hairdress. Her new coiffure is an inch or so longer than previously, slicked down flat to the head and curled at the ends. Incidentally, that new diamond and ruby anklet Jean is wearing was a gift from her mother. She's promised never to take it off! Rather hard on the hose, I'd say.

FUNNY, these Hollywood rumors. Recently a columnist printed an item to the effect that Katharine Hepburn had been asked by a bartender in one of the cocktail lounges for her autograph and that Katharine had not only refused, but had torn up the picture. Columnist reported two eyewitnesses. Now comes the other side of the story. Katharine's friends insist they were standing by her side when the request was made and saw her autograph the picture, remarking, in a joking way: "It's a good thing you mix good drinks." You can take your pick of the two versions—if you care.

THERE'S never a dull moment, out on the set of "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." Someone has introduced a new card game called "Washwoman's Delight," which goes on for hours on end. When a player has to leave to appear in a scene, one of the grips or property boys will take his hand until his return. *If* they ever tire of this, there's Colleen Claire, who is playing a small part in the picture, to read your horoscope. She's already drawn up those of Bill Powell, Joan Crawford, and Bob Montgomery.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT crashed the "sneak" preview of "Camille" that afternoon and cried and cried, she was so touched by Greta Garbo's performance.

BY THE time Jeanette MacDonald's marriage to Gene Raymond takes place in June, she'll have practically nothing to buy for the house except furniture, at the rate things are progressing. Fans all over the country have been deluging her with every imaginable kind of household linens, many of them exquisite pieces of hand work. Only last week, Jeanette received over one hundred gifts. And she's terribly touched and pleased about it all.

REMEMBER the huge star sapphire that Carole Lombard's been wearing in practically every picture for ever so long? Well, Missy Lombard's just bored to death with star sapphires and she's put the famous ring and the clips that match in her safety deposit box for the time being. Carole's still wearing that new ruby and diamond ring, however, and we wouldn't venture to say who we think gave it to her!

Joan Crawford and Bill Powell romance in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," which Joan decided she'd rather play than "Parnell." So Myrna Loy took Clark Gable and "Parnell," and Joan took Bill. Interesting switch-about, eh?

LITTLE Simone Simon is losing no time, over on the set of "Seventh Heaven," in trying to capture one of the most elusive young men in Hollywood, James Stewart. And doing right well, I should say, judging from her radiant expression as they sat at luncheon in the commissary the other day. Incidentally, the studio has just made Simone a present of a brand new portable dressing-room for her use on the set, all done up in ivory and green taffeta—which should be a help in furthering this new romance, if you ask me!

A FEW days prior to his return to Hollywood to appear in "The Prince and the Pauper," Errol Flynn telegraphed his best friend asking that his schnauser, Arno, be brought over to the airport to meet him. So keenly had he felt the separation from his dog, he couldn't even wait to get home to see him!

DURING the recent illness of little Mavourneen O'Brien, Papa Pat was so worried he had a direct line in contact with the house all the time he was working on the set. She's better now, but will have to have those old tonsils removed as soon as she's in condition.

DROPPED in at Metro for lunch the other noon with Virginia Bruce, to find her looking lovelier than ever in a wool dress of artichoke green trimmed in brown, and wearing sables. She was also wearing a most unusual gold signet ring with an inscription in Hebrew. We tried to find out whose it was, but no luck. "Ginny" is getting *that* cagey about her boy friends, these days.

THEY'VE had to put up a large "No Visitors" sign on the set when Hugh Herbert is working. It sounds like a gag, but the fact remains that onlookers simply can't restrain their laughter when Hugh is emoting and it was beginning to cost the studio money. So Hugh's audience is now confined to members of the cast and crew.

LITTLE Deanna Durbin, who has had Hollywood agog since her début in "Three Smart Girls," is not so little, after all. She doesn't look to be more than thirteen—her publicized age—but she's actually seventeen!

Close-up of two beauties who seem to be far apart in feelings. Above, Alice Faye and Madeleine Carroll swap icy stares in "On the Avenue." Left, close-up of a congenial twosome—Cary Grant and Irene Dale (what's this, Cary, another new girl?), seen at a recent Hollywood gathering.

DROPPED in on the set of "Swing High, Swing Low" at Paramount to find Fred MacMurray and Mitchell Leisen in a big huddle over the plans for Fred's new house, now in the process of construction. "Mitch" finally persuaded Fred to eliminate the breakfast room and turn it into a patio, which little matter Fred is taking up with his architect. Incidentally, he's as excited over this new home as a child with a new toy. You see, it's the first house he's ever really owned.

ANN SOTHERN is working on the Metro lot for the first time since she was under contract there as Harriet Lake. And just for old times' sake, Ann asked for her old dressing-room to use while on the lot rather than the star suite they had prepared for her. The room was occupied by one of the young Metro babes, however, and it couldn't be arranged. So Ann had to be content just to look in on her old quarters.

FIVE minutes with those insane Ritz Brothers, and you honestly begin to doubt your own sanity! Such antics, such rolling of eyes, so many gags—they'll keep you in stitches. Did learn something interesting from them, however, which is they are never written into the script but are left to their own inimitable devices in each scene.

CONTRARY to current rumors, Eleanore Whitney did *not* give back that diamond ring to Johnny Downs. And anyway, it wasn't a ring; it was a diamond bracelet!

(*Continued on page* 99)

Strong men of the screen meet in one of the most interesting casting arrangements in some time. Edward Arnold and George Bancroft, left, give you an idea of the drama that brews when two such huskies get together.

That large curl at the middle of Sylvia Sidney's forehead, the "brushed up" effect over her ears, and the absolute absence of formal waves or tiny sculptured ringlets are important notes in the new hair styles.

Fashions for Hair

A revolution in hair styles led by Hollywood beauties is popularizing coiffures that are flattering, simple, and radically different!

By Elin Neil

HAIR styles are in revolt! And one of the loveliest rebels against set waves and tiny sculptured ringlets is Sylvia Sidney who is starring in "You Only Live Once," a Walter Wanger production released through United Artists.

Sylvia dares to go all the way in discarding the old and taking on the new. She shows that it can be done very becomingly indeed! That brushed-up-off-the-ears effect and the soft pompadour roll in front are newest of the new. They are not hard to wear and they're surprisingly easy to arrange and keep in place.

If you want to be one of the rebels yourself and go in for a new hair style, begin by changing your part. That is your declaration of independence and it's good for your hair, too. Wearing the part in the same place year in and year out is likely to make your hair thin out unevenly. Besides, it's monotonous.

Center parts are very smart. Then there's the diagonal side part that ends almost center-front. Or a straight side part may run diagonally down the back to add interest to your head's rear view. If you wear a side part, it is best to arrange it so you have plenty of hair on the "up side" of your tilted hat.

The most exciting news in parts is the one that runs crosswise over the top of your head, from ear-to-ear. You bring the front hair forward to arrange in a pompadour roll or a mass of soft curls brushing your forehead. Back of the part, your hair is arranged in curls or carried straight down the neck-line where it ends in a low placed roll.

One of the simplest and smartest new hair styles I have seen consists of an ear-to-ear part and one continuous roll all the way across the hair-line in front, diagonally down over the upper edges of ear and low across the back of the neck. All the hair inside this circle is smooth and shining. This coiffure is for the young face with small features. It's especially charming if you have a piquant up-turned nose.

Then there's a "beach-comber" style that's wonderfully easy to keep in place if you lead a strenuous life. A side part is carried all the way down the back so it makes a half-circle. All the hair on the down side of the part is brushed up into one soft roll over the ear, which is balanced by a similar roll above the other ear. Going up from the part is a single pompadour curl, about three inches long, turned back and up from the forehead. The back of the head shows a smooth swirl and there's no sign of a wave anywhere. This is a grand style for the girl with a well-shaped head who doesn't like to spend much time fixing her hair.

One of the most popular "coronation" coiffures starts with a center part. The hair is smooth on top and there are two large rolls brushed up from the ears and shaped like triangles. This is especially smart for evening with a hair ornament that comes to a point like a widow's peak at the center of your forehead.

Incidentally, hair ornaments for evening are more popular than ever. The newest (*Continued on page* 93)

A Real Day with Clark Gable

Continued from page 23

under a yoke to possessions. He patted his mahogany radio-phonograph and then admitted honestly, "Most of my records here are jazz. I hate to dance. Always have. But I enjoy listening to hot rhythms. I buy a lot of the new recordings. Go into some music store and get rash. Oh, and I've quite a few foreign gypsy records, too. Hungarian and Russian string effects—I go for them. I guess I started loving gypsy strains when I was wandering around the country myself, and this is the hangover!"

He's too thoroughly he-man to fret about particular period pieces or special star color-scheming. He's virile instead of arty, discriminating without being spoiled into demanding modes for moods.

He has no secretary in attendance, no servants. The Park Avenue boys may have their staffs, but Clark with every excuse to be grand employs neither valet nor butler. "I'm not helpless," he states succinctly. The man who cares for his dressing-room at the studio drops up several times a week to see that the dry cleaners and laundry lads are playing ball properly.

He had shaved and bathed and had been reading the morning newspapers.

"What did you read first?"

"Oh, that item about David Windsor and Mrs. Simpson," he replied. Demonstrating that Clark's as human as the rest of us! "Then Louella Parsons' column. After that the sport pages." Of course he's intrigued with the racing reports at the moment.

When I started this "pot-luck" approach on the stars I didn't suspect I'd practically starve to death to begin with! Taylor only had orange juice and toast and coffee for breakfast, but Clark beat that. "Breakfast?" he queried. I insisted I'd have what he did. A bell-boy brought up two cups of delicious coffee for us and—as you used to phrase it when you were tops, Ethel Barrymore, "That's all there is, there isn't any more"—for Gable. No, he isn't dieting; he isn't hungry until he's swung through a lot of action.

We were off then for the promised horseback ride. A Los Angeles attorney, whom Clark has known ever since he broke into pictures, has a barn out in the San Fernando Valley, and Clark stables Southern Son, his sorrel horse, there.

The elevator shot us down to the basement garage, where gleaming limousines vied with streamlined roadsters. I was led, however, to a 1928 Ford!

"Yeh," Clark nodded, "this is the one Carole gave me last Valentine's Day." He had it painted black, has purchased a new motor, a new top, new tires, and fenders. Consequently, it runs like a top and it's his regular runabout.

I climbed in and he headed toward Metro.

"You aren't going to visit sets, are you?"

"No, sir! But we have to pick up feed at Palms." He maneuvered in to the curb in front of a grain store. "I had a struggle spotting this; in Beverly they only have pet shops." The first buying of horse fodder here by Gable is the favorite tale of the old proprietor. Clark, like today, had been dressed in anything but star get-up. He had picked out a couple of sacks each of barley and bran and oats. When he went to pay the fellow said, "Name, please!" Our hero answered modestly, "Gable." The instant snap was, "First name!" And Clark gave it. At that the store-keeper really looked at him. He reddened. He stuttered. "Not—?" He apologized profusely. So whenever anyone tells Clark he's world famous he grins. "They even don't know me a quarter-of-a-mile from Culver City!"

When we went in we were welcomed mighty heartily. Clark wanted alfalfa molasses. We loaded so many sacks into the rear that the back of his car wouldn't close. Each fender held a sack of barley. And then we were off again, over Beverly Glen pass into the valley.

"How's it happen you haven't the back-to-the-farm bug like the rest of the stars who are settling out here?" I probed.

"Because I'm not built to settle down," Clark replied pithily. "The peace that comes from rocking by your own fireplace, from the knowledge that you are anchored there, isn't for me. I know, fellow. I've tried to squelch my impudent craving for freedom. But whenever I've endeavored to settle down it—well, it hasn't clicked."

He stopped to dicker with a roadside Japanese fruit grower. "A box of carrots—the ninety-cent size!" The Japanese didn't recognize him as a personage, but he greeted him as a steady customer.

Clark intended the carrots for the horse, but he ate one himself and handed me one. I wasn't proud—especially since I'd had no breakfast!

At the stable Clark told the groom to saddle a horse for me; he wanted to attend to his own horse. Smoky, his dog, dashed out affectionately and raced us as we aimed towards the foothills.

Silence swamped him. A girl who is fond of dancing can understand. She wants to sway with the melody. When Clark is on his horse he suddenly has no chatter in him.

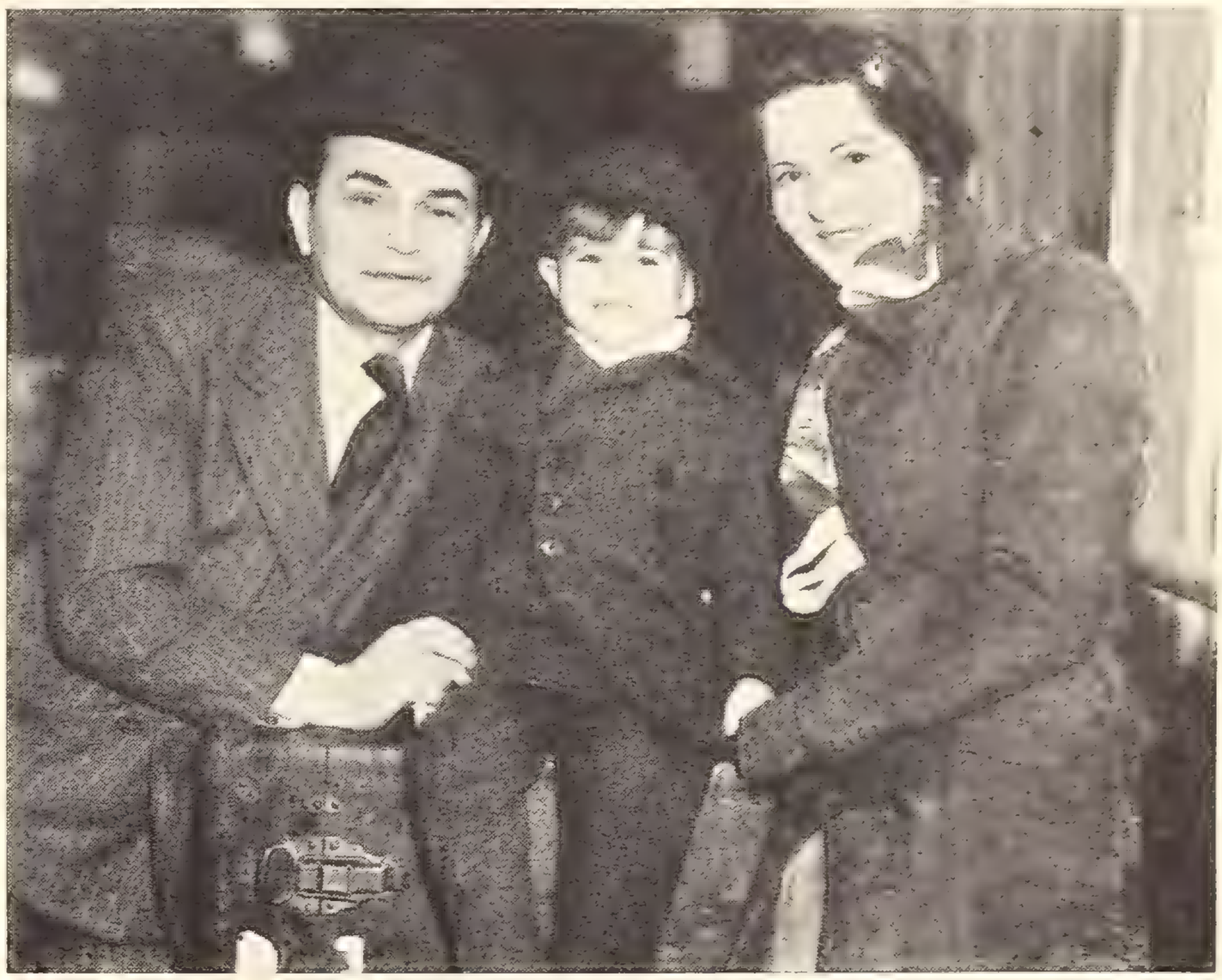
In twenty minutes we were in cattle-grazing land, Smoky was searching for gophers and snakes, and Clark was apparently completely happy. It was winter, but the California sun was warm and the rim of purple mountains was a marvelous sight.

We had the big accident then. If I had only had a 16 mm. camera! We were riding up a creek, or rather on the bank of a wash. I was on a trail horse, and Southern Son isn't that type. The rains must have undermined the path, for there was a crumbling of the path and Southern Son slipped. Clark instinctively realized the danger; he whirled the horse's head around, but Southern Son's hind feet skidded and Clark flew one way while the horse fell on its stomach. Clark wasn't hurt. He quickly sprang up and to the horse, which had only its front knees on solid ground and was sweating with fear. But Clark quieted him. It was a full twenty-five feet to the bottom of the gully, but his soothing words stopped the animal's panic. Gently, with all the tenderness of a strong but understanding man, Clark held the horse's head and put his shoulder against Southern Son's. He scrambled him about and they *both* plunged down into the creek bed. And emerged without a single scratch—both of them! This was the most tense five minutes I ever experienced, and out there in God's outdoors Gable in the flesh was keener than he's ever been on the screen!

Out of breath, but still able to grin, Clark continued the pace he'd set. It was 1 p. m. when we sighted the barn.

"Southern Son's calmed now so I'll let him do what he prefers." Whereupon the groom wheeled out a brand new two-wheel cart—a Christmas present from Miss Lombard! "They don't make many of these any more—this came all the way from the East," Clark asserted, his eyes shining with joy. He changed Southern Son's harness, I got up onto the narrow seat beside him, and away we went. Well, until you've whizzed down a country lane with Clark Gable in his feather-weight cart you haven't lived—Mr. Taylor, park that mechanical gadget and get yourself a whiff of a buggy like Gable and grandpa chose!

I popped the question about what he prefers in women then. He swerved the cart. "I've always wanted to have you birds in a spot like this when I've been asked that!"



The roaming Robinsons settle down again in Hollywood. Edward G. Robinson, his wife, and son, have been travelling about Europe lately. Now they're back and welcome, too.

he cried. We lurched from side to side. "I don't care!" I shouted. So he slowed down. "I notice first if a woman is well-groomed and secondly if she's dumb," he stated, chuckling at my sigh of relief. I was going to live to tell this tale! "Heaven preserve me from one-track ladies who never read or observe or gather a little idea of what life's all about."

Now I was the one who was all out of breath. When we returned to the barn Clark cooled the horse and rubbed him down himself. This was the groom's job, but he was determined to do it.

At 2:30 we headed for the city. Coming in by Ventura Boulevard, Clark drew into a drive-in hamburger stand. "I favor this simple system for refreshments. After the movies at nights, too. I haven't the Trocadero habit; I just come into one of these convenient places where they hang a tray on your door-sill." A hamburger was our luncheon.

He didn't go directly to the hotel, but to his father's house in Hollywood. There I met Mr. Gable, senior, a middle-aged oil man who now is interested in desert mines. Clark's step-mother wasn't in; but he evidently thinks she is pretty grand. The conversation between Clark and his father was all about the latter's last trip to Death Valley. Although Clark is a self-made success, and though he struck out on his own, he remembers to visit here frequently.

Leisurely we returned to the hotel, and to the front. The chauffeurs of the luxury automobiles gaped. But the doorman nonchalantly snapped his fingers for an attendant, who promptly departed with the conveyance. We walked through the lobby. People did a "double-take" upon glimpsing The Great Gable in costume—no doubt! Of course *Parnell,* champion of Irish freedom, never had to wear cowboy overalls; but obviously the greatest male box-office magnet in America was in character for something. No women made a rush attack, because Clark kept striding.

"You know, I like people, and I'm not bothered when I stumble upon the good news that they like me. Only you feel so darned embarrassed when a crowd begins gathering, or in a lobby like that."

Upstairs he changed into veteran slacks and dug out a leather jacket. He got his rifle, a 30.6 Springfield which he had made to order in Philadelphia in 1932, and polished the telescope sight with loving hands. Love? Oh, yes—love and Lombard!

I'm sure you've been anxious for me to get to this. Carole won't utter one word for publication as to how she regards Clark, but everyone can tell you that he's the apple of her eye. They send each other great bouquets of red roses practically every other day, and when a guy like Gable will have a vase of red roses in his studio dressing-suite, then is he sunk? Or is he? You won't be knowing by asking him directly.

Hadn't he even telephoned her yet? Not since I'd been on hand. I wouldn't put it past him to have called her before I arrived because, after all, she was working that day.

The rifle range at Burbank was next. I held onto his gun, the same one he's used when he's gone after big game, as we jounced forth in the Ford again. A minute after we had emerged from the hotel the attendant had produced it. "The service is so excellent," muttered Clark, "that I'll bet he stores it in the alley. That's what I'd do with it if I were he!"

It was a half hour's jaunt to Burbank and Clark's mind was on the car he is going to make. I don't doubt for a moment that he's a great lover—you'll have to question the women who should know about that!—but he's also a fool for fussing with cars. Reviving this gillopy that Carole gave him isn't enough. He plans to be the modern counterpart of the man who constructed the immortal one-horse shay!

"A friend of mine runs a little garage. He helped me get this thing together in ripe shape. I go down to his place—he's the entire force—and fiddle around. We're inspired with the notion of building a car ourselves; he's saving prospective pieces. Of course, we're not going to go at it in the logical way—we want novel improvements. And it may not run a hundred years to a day like Oliver Wendell Holmes' shay. But wait till Carole has to ride down the Boulevard in *it!*"

"Somebody gave me a tip," I said when he'd been silently grinning over this prospect for two blocks. "They told me to ask you about the pies a firechief's daughter has been baking for you. What's that about?"

"I am *not* in love with the firechief's daughter!" he rallied and leaned on the horn to emphasize the remark. "The daughter of the Metro firechief is fourteen and she cooks me pies and do I relish carting them home and eating a whole one before going to bed!"

"But how are you going to end up, Clark?" With his mind still on the automobile he's concocting I thought his subconscious might be lured into a startling confession. But you can't trap him that easily. He brushed the dream of his creation away and took me seriously.

"I don't know, Ben, and probably this is the criminal thing—I'm not worrying! I'm investing my money as cannily as I can, because I think I'd be an awful sap to wind up busted after having this swell chance to feather my nest. But as to what I'll do when I'm washed up in pictures—your guess equals mine. I know I'll get a kick out of travelling, for I've been curious about what's around the corner ever since I was a kid. I've covered most of the United States—recently by quick airplane trips, formerly by any means I could promote transportation, including hopping trains when I wasn't a paying customer. I haven't been to all the national parks yet, and I look forward to seeing all of them because I love the outdoors and mountains. Naturally I'm keen to see Europe and Asia. But I know this, besides, I'm going to hate to have to quit pictures. I'm tickled silly at the opportunity to be in 'em!"

The private rifle range loomed before us just then. The men who hailed Clark familiarly turned out to be Los Angeles business men. He doesn't, as you're perceiving, parade with actors in his spare time.

Magic touch! Leah Ray, new screen beauty, makes making-up a pleasure for leading man, Anthony Martin.

"The theory of this range," Clark said, "is to teach one to judge distances. So when you're hunting you can gauge your shots correctly." The targets were from two hundred to a thousand yards distant, and shortly Mr. Gable was gayly indulging in a veritable gamut of shooting. He lay prone and sniped; he stood up and peered imposingly through his telescope. He expressed regret at forgetting to bring his revolver. Considering his accuracy it's too bad Metro doesn't whip up a first-class Western for him; he could give Gary Cooper plenty of competition.

There was just half an hour of light left for all this. At dusk we piled into the Ford and it was then, heading for home, that Clark finally confessed he had a stiff neck. "I was hunting last week-end and I couldn't find my own cap, so I borrowed someone's. It wouldn't fit, but I let it sit on my head anyway. And then on my way in the weather became cold and I got mad at the darned thing. I gave a tremendous jerk, trying to stretch it—and pulled a muscle in my neck! Next day I had a sore neck and back and had to go to the nurse at the studio for hot applications. It's still on the sore side." All day he'd neglected to mention this!

At the hotel he mixed me a whiskey and soda and turned on a radio for the first time—Bob Taylor has his radio going from dawn on. Clark reminisced then, recalling various amusing spots he'd been in. They had seemed serious jams, unsolvable dilemmas at the time. But everything had eventually smoothed out. He didn't moralize that it was because he'd had the nerve to battle through defeat, but that's the honest truth.

I noticed a lot of travel advertisements on a couch. "Where are you going now?"

"I wish I could discover *when* I'm going," he retorted, "I've been working steadily for a year, except for occasional brief spells off, and I'm anxious to fly to Japan and China for a personal look-see. Europe after this. I had my passage booked on the very first flight of the China Clipper, and then I was square in the middle of a picture when it went."

The telephone, which had not been ringing every other second because the hotel protects him from pests, rang then.

"I'm glad you *can* make it," I overheard him say. He seemed interested in whoever was accepting an invitation he'd undoubtedly proffered for dinner. I needed but one guess as to who she was—do you need more than one?

"Are you transforming yourself into dinner clothes?" I ventured.

Clark shook his head vigorously.

"I haven't been in a night club for more than a year, and I haven't struggled into a dinner jacket for six whole months!"

So Carole Lombard who is feminine fashion incarnate, hasn't made Gable over. He remains magnificently untamed.

It was pure coincidence that I went to the Drive-In Theatre on Pico Boulevard that evening. It's one of Hollywood's unique features; you sit in your machine and watch a picture unreel on a large outdoor screen. You can put your arm around your sweetheart and nobody'll be peeking.

But poor Clark Gable! There he was, in that perfectly plain black Ford which was the height of inconspicuousness. Neither he nor Carole were recognized by anyone else. But *me!* Several hundred cars were parked in that field and Fate guided him within reach of these reportorial orbs.

He even takes his movies drive-in style.

He seemed—if I may say so—to have his his arm around his lady fair. I won't swear to it; after all, I had *my* arm around someone pretty fascinating, too!

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YOUR LIPS ALLURE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPLURE

Their Bed Habits

Continued from page 59

dilly. But when Basil Rathbone retires of an evening he retires in as cheap a pair of cotton pajamas as you'll ever be able to find in Macy's basement on bargain day. Carold Lombard, just to be contrary no doubt, wears pajamas all day but when she goes to bed at night she puts on a nightgown. Usually something satiny and tailored. Carole sleeps in an old-fashioned four-poster bed with little chintz curtains, which isn't the kind of bed you'd think the very smart and glamorous Miss Lombard would sleep in. Carole is one of the few movie stars who wakes up early, (even when she isn't working), and always wakes up in a good humor—she may go into a mood or a rage later in the day, but when she wakes up she is in high spirits and sings all through her bath and breakfast. She has an annoying habit of calling people before they've had their coffee and sounds so bright and chipper that you can hardly refrain from killing her.

Before little Jane Withers is tucked away at night by her adoring mother and father she has to kiss all her dolls, of which she has dozens, goodnight, and then after ponderous deliberation on the subject she chooses one of them to sleep with her. Once in bed her father reads the "funnies" from all the Los Angeles newspapers to her, not that Jane can't read, but it's just sort of a tradition in the family. Then after he and Jane have laughed heartily over *Skippy* and *Hamburger* and *Toots* and the rest, Mrs. Withers puts in her appearance with Jane's "lines" for the next day's work. She reads them over to Jane several times, and then Jane repeats them after her, and Jane arrives on the set the next day knowing much more about the picture than anyone else. Little Shirley Temple also learns her lines in bed at night. Mrs. Temple reads the script to her and then cues her on her lines—and Shirley wakes up the next morning letter-perfect. She has an amazing memory, which is often quite embarrassing to her leading men who can't remember more than a line at a time. Shirley very obligingly does the remembering for everybody on the set.

Claudette Colbert suffers from a terrific burglar complex, and can make more out of a little squeak than anybody else can. All during the night she fancies she hears disturbing sounds and she can easily work herself up into a state of nervous jitters over a Venetian blind flapping in the breeze. When she first bought him Claudette used to have Smokey, her famous French poodle, sleep in the room with her so his barking would frighten off burglars; but it seems that one night he was restless and Claudette died a thousand deaths while she watched the door stealthily open, followed by a cold, unearthly wetness on her arm. Smokey doesn't sleep there any more. Before Claudette became a movie star she spent one summer on the stage in New York in a little mystery drama called "The Mystery Train." In the second act she was supposed to be sitting alone in a lonely railroad station when suddenly she looked up and saw a terrifying apparition at the window—one of those Frankenstein things with a blue light around it. Then she was to let out a bloodcurdling shriek. The management had no complaints to make over Miss Colbert's shrieks, they were the most realistic things in the show. Now every night for six months Claudette knew that she was going to look at that window in the second act, and she knew exactly what she was going to see there; but every night for six months she was horrified and frightened out of her wits all over again. If only the audience had been as scared of the apparition as Claudette was "The Mystery Train" would have had a much longer run. As much as she'd like to Claudette will not see a horror picture or read a gruesome murder mystery; she knows only too well that she will hear weird tappings and see bloody corpses all night long.

But Glenda Farrell and Kay Francis count that night lost that they do not read themselves to sleep with a good mystery story. Sometimes it's so good that they don't go to sleep at all. Una Merkel and Jeanette MacDonald are Hollywood's best insomnia victims, with Jean Arthur as a good runner-upper. Una reads incessantly,

Holding hands, smiling gaily, like real-life sweethearts — which they are—Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond step out for a party, above.

and can often do away with a weighty tome all in one evening; if she runs out of books to read, and still can't go to sleep, she'll break out with a little poetry, and it's much better poetry than you've ever written, too. Rochelle Hudson, the last of our "Dear Diaries," never goes to sleep at night until she has written up the events of the day in a little thing made famous by Mary Astor—and even then Rochelle does a little reading before dozing off.

Joan Crawford is the only movie star who makes her own bed and lies in it. Joan has never been able to find a maid who can tuck sheets in just right, and so Joan insists upon making her own bed. Joan sleeps in light blue satin nightgowns with "Joan" embroidered on them and she never goes to bed at night but what she says to herself, "Maybe tonight we'll have an earthquake." She has a decided earthquake phobia. If she fancies she feels a slight tremble of the house during the night, (and you know how even the best houses "settle" occasionally), she is out of bed like a streak of lightning on a wild dash for the great open spaces of Brentwood. She'll have no walls collapsing on *her*.

Another of our restless sleepers is the lovely Loretta Young, though it's light, not earthquakes, that keeps Loretta's nerves on edge during the long nights. Loretta is one of those people, and Joan Bennett is another, who cannot sleep so long as there is one little glimmer of light in the room. She has thick, heavy, dark drapes on her bedroom windows; but even then a ray of light will wiggle its way in occasionally, and Loretta will just go crazy. On advice of a friend she bought herself a couple of black masques which she puts on now before going to bed—and if a burglar ever breaks into Loretta's bedroom he will think that a masquerade party is going on and will doubtless ask Loretta for the next waltz instead of the family jewels. Loretta simply cannot sleep on linen sheets, they scratch her knees and elbows, so when she goes on a trip or drops in to spend the night with you she always carries along her own silken sheets. Our Loretta has "temperamental insomnia," we say.

Barbara Stanwyck is one of those nasty girls, (and I'm one, too), who cannot speak a civil word in the morning until she's had her coffee. The minute she wakes up she presses a button, and like magic a pot of coffee appears on the table at her bedside. Everybody in her household knows better than to speak to her until she has downed at least three cups of coffee, and is able to face life and another day. Barbara wasn't sure she liked Bob Taylor until last fall when he went to New York and called her over the phone at the ungodly hour of six o'clock—it was ten o'clock in New York and Bob was so eager to tell Barbara all about the crowds of people who weren't going anywhere that he forgot all about the change in time. The fact that she could speak to him at six in the morning, and without her coffee, proved to Barbara without a doubt that she must be rather fond of the Taylor lad. But don't *you* try it on her.

Francis Lederer is so busy during the day, what with Peace and Margot, and walnuts and apricots, and acting, that he has no time to think until he gets in bed at night. Then he goes on a thinking spree. Which is all right if he would just keep his thoughts to himself. But no, he needs must call up everybody and tell them what he is thinking. It all depends on how much you like Francis. Elissa Landi is another of the under-cover thinkers. "Between-the-sheets" may be a good bracing cocktail to you and me and Bill Powell but to the fair Elissa it is merely a place where she solves the problems of life and works out the situations of her next book. And speaking of Bill Powell, girls, you just might like to know that Bill sleeps in the same kind of pajamas he wore in "Libeled Lady" and "After the Thin Man." Bill is one of our soundest sleepers and there's not a chance in the world that you can wake him in the middle of the night, the late afternoon, or the early evening, for when Mr. Powell is of the mind to sleep, no phones or bells ring, no dogs bark, and the silence of the graveyard descends upon the Powell manor. On the other hand Pat O'Brien had just as soon as not sleep in a boiler factory. Pat turns the radio on at full blast when he gets in bed and invariably falls asleep while somebody's orchestra is playing away at *I've Got You Under My Skin*. It's still going strong when he wakes the next morning. When Pat was a little boy it seems his mother used to make him brush his hair every night, along with his teeth. The idea was that if the angels took him away during the night he would be looking his best when he reached heaven. So big, burly Pat still brushes his hair vigorously every night and looks as neat as a pin so he'll be sure to make a good first impression on St. Peter. Bing Crosby falls in bed and sleeps like a log.

And now may I go to bed, too?

Don't be a fade-out!

SAYS

• Do YOU always seem to fade into the background when some more glamourous girl arrives? Don't let her get away with it! A woman's most expressive feature is always her eyes . . . so play *yours* up! A careful touch of SHADETTE on the outside corners of your eyelids is absolutely imperceptible in daylight, but how it does bring out the natural color of your eyes! SHADETTE offers 12 subtle tints, with gold and silver for evening. 75c.

• BUT be sure you let your lashes do their part to put you in the foreground. Darken them mysteriously with LASHTINT compact mascara. It comes in a purse-size little case with a sponge compartment so you can whisk it out ready to use at any moment. And it insures even, natural applications. Black, brown, blue or green to choose from. $1.

• MOST important of all! KURLASH, to curl eyelashes so that eyes look bigger, brighter, more glamourous! Just slip your lashes into KURLASH, a neat little gadget that, in 30 seconds, has your lashes curled for all day—without heat, cosmetics or practice. $1.

Kurlash

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Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.
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Mysterious "Secret of Suzanne" perfume has come and conquered.

AN ARISTOCRAT from France is taking this country by storm! It's a perfume called "Secret of Suzanne" and it's just as filled with mystery as its name. Its haunting fragrance has been present at some of the most important court functions in Europe and in the most exclusive drawing rooms. We've heard that a bottle of "Secret of Suzanne" is one of former King Edward VIII's favorite gifts to special people. This is an intoxicating perfume of many moods. At times, its fragrance seems as deep as dark emeralds. Again, it is as provocative of gaiety as a long anticipated joy. Or it may "come through" pungent, a bit spicy and as warm and luxurious as the feel of fine sables when you touch them with your fingertips. You have a rare treat in store for you and your friends if you adopt "Secret of Suzanne" as your own personal perfume!

SOMETHING new and very exciting in beauty is the Cutex Burgundy nail polish. It is a deep vintage shade in line with the fashion for the color of the grape in clothes. It is a liquid polish with a rich, high lustre that makes your fingernails seem to shine. Besides being rich and regal itself, this purplish shade makes hands look much whiter. It is especially good to wear with royal reds and blues, wine, grape or black. And it harmonizes beautifully with the new mauve-white shade, smoke or tapestry blue and the softened greens.

EVERY bath you take will be a real beauty bath if you sprinkle a little Bathasweet in the tub! This is a delightful-to-use, fragrant water softener that works wonders for the skin on your body.

Femi-nifties

Spring Fancies for Beauty!

For lovely skin, soften and perfume your bath water with Bathasweet.

Frances Ingram's Milkweed Cream is a complete treatment by itself.

Eye allure is made natural-looking by new Winx "3-way blend."

It gives a new health and beauty by cleansing the pores thoroughly. And it keeps your skin soft and smooth by counteracting the drying, withering effect of hard water. The shaker top makes it very easy to use. In our opinion, there's simply no substitute for the luxurious feeling this delicately perfumed bath gives just before you go to bed or dress for an evening of fun! Bathasweet is grand to use in your shampoo water, too, and for that soaking you give your hands before a manicure.

SOME of the Hollywood stars use a beauty treatment that's surprisingly simple. A single jar of cream provides all they need for complexion beauty besides soap and water. Its name is Frances Ingram's Milkweed Cream and it has been very appropriately called a "complete" cream because of all the things it will do for your skin. It cleanses deeply and thoroughly. It's wonderfully flattering and efficient as a make-up foundation. And it provides the lubrication that prevents dryness and fine lines. Besides all this, it is a corrective for skin faults like excess oiliness, blackheads and whiteheads. There is nothing new about Frances Ingram's Milkweed Cream, but it's one of those beauty aids that's held its popularity for years because it is so beneficial and easy to use.

WE DON'T need to ask you if you want to bring out all the beauty of your eyes and still have the effect look natural. Of course you do! Winx makes it easy with their "3-way blend" eye beautifiers. You can't go wrong on color because each item (mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil) is made to harmonize with the color of your eyes, human skin tones—and each other. Wherever Winx eye make-up is sold you'll find a chart that shows exactly what shades will be most flattering to you, day and night. Although Winx mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil are excellent quality, they are not expensive. You can get them at five-and-ten cent stores. Incidentally, we're devoted to Winx cream mascara because it goes on easily and is so lasting. Each tube has its own eyelash brush.

Lines... Dry Skin

ARE UNDER-SKIN FAULTS

Miss Sela Krebs: "A dry-looking skin is easy to avoid with Pond's Cold Cream."

To keep skin young looking —learn how to invigorate your UNDER SKIN

HARD TO BELIEVE—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin *underneath!*

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels *underneath* begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That's what makes your *outside* skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands *underneath* that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

BUT think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands functioning busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., says: "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream whisks away tired lines—and tones my skin."

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing . . . softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks *years younger!*

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 7S-CC. Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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always
ardent color..
never
lipstick
parching

Put sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills!...But remember, too, that—lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with warm color by using Coty "Sub-Deb." It contains a special softening ingredient, "Theobroma." Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and smooth. In five indelible shades. *New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢.* Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

The Unknown Women Behind Hollywood Men

Continued from page 25

stand-in, got married, Bill gave him the grandest wedding party and invited us all. He stood up for Doc, and Jean stood up for the bride. I thought that little bride would die when she saw that Jean was going to stand up for her.

"I've never seen him moody or out of sorts, though I guess he's lonely sometimes like the rest of us," said wise little Maggie. "Sunday's Bill, Jr.'s day, and he never lets anything interfere with it. He's crazy about his kid, without being sloppy over him. I remember one day somebody said: 'I don't know what my boy's going to be, but I think I'd like him to be a darned good movie actor.' Then Bill pipes up: 'I don't know what my boy's going to be, but I think he's going to be a darned good forger.' When we asked him why, he said: 'Well, he certainly forged a swell William Powell on his report card last month.'"

"There's nobody I'd rather have talk about me than you, Maggie," said Powell when this interview was broached.

Maggie's proud of that. "I think," she said softly, "that it proves he feels the same way I do. I'm his friend Maggie, and he's my friend Bill, and that's that."

To Virginia Thompson, Bob Taylor is still Arl—the good-looking boy named Arlington Brough from Nebraska whom she happened to meet in her uncle's office one day. He had come to take his two final years of college at Pomona, and his doctor father had given him a letter of introduction to Virginia's "uncle doctor" in San Bernardino.

"Uncle doctor," says Virginia, "is the kind of man young people love. So I'd pop in every chance I got, just to see how he was getting along. And one day there sat Arl, in a white sweater and a dark blue shirt, looking very handsome, and uncle said: 'Here's the little boy from Nebraska.'"

The boy from Nebraska saw a slender girl, with blue eyes and a curly brown bob, a pert little nose, a round little chin. They became friends. "He was rather serious-minded," says Virginia, "and I liked him for that. He loves music, and one of the first things we did was to go to the organ recital at Mission Inn. I remember he was quite concerned about the young people out here, what they were like, whether the girls were silly and so forth. Oh, I don't mean he didn't like fun, but he wasn't sentimental like a lot of boys. One day we were playing in the snow, and I told him my hands were cold. 'Sit on them,' he said. I felt like socking him one that time, but I couldn't help laughing.

"We'd write letters back and forth about the books we were reading, and he'd tell me about the college plays he was in, and sometimes I'd go over to see his performance. Then when they began testing him for the movies, we'd walk around wondering if he'd get a contract, praying he would. He wrote me when it happened, and I guess I was the first to congratulate him.

"It was just about then his father died. That was an awful blow for Arl and his mother. He and his father were so dear to each other. Most boys and their fathers are so formal. But Dr. Brough had a great deal of love for everyone, and didn't mind showing it. He was so proud of Arl. It seemed like something given and something taken.

"One Sunday he phoned to ask if he and his mother could come over. That was when he was doing 'Magnificent Obsession.' We went out to the swing, and he told me he needed a secretary and would I be it? I was working for my father and another attorney, and when he laid that in my lap, I didn't know what to do. But we all talked it over, and it *did* seem more interesting than working in a law office, and mother didn't mind my leaving home so much when she knew I was going to live with Mrs. Brough.

"I used to tease Arl—tell him he'd soon be swanking around in a big car, and nobody'd be able to talk to him. But he hasn't changed. Only aged a little—no, that's not the right word—matured, that's it. He doesn't jump to conclusions like most boys. He thinks about things and looks at them from both sides and talks them over with his mother—she's his first counselor—and with Barbara Stanwyck too, whose opinion he respects.

"And yet he can still be a big kid. I have to laugh at him, for instance, when he gets letters of criticism. He looks so hurt, as if it were something personal. 'I can tell by your face that it's bad,' he'll say. 'Do I have to read it?' Then again he'll run in here and curl into a chair, with one knee way up, looking about two, and acting like a poppa, wanting to know what we've been doing and whom we've been going out with. And he's so cute with his mother when he thinks she's going to scold him. They wanted him to make a speech at church and he wouldn't. Not that he minded giving the time, but he hates to make speeches. His mother was quite perturbed, and that night Arl came in and kind of looked at her out of the corner of his eye, like the cat that ate the cream, and laid a gold pen and pencil down in front of her. And of course she was floored. She can't find a word to say when Arl comes in with that look in his eye, and says, 'Ah, mom!'"

Taylor brings out the maternal in blonde Myrtle Gallagher too, hairdresser on "Camille." "He had to wear his hair the way they did in those times, and while it's naturally wavy, it *would* get rumpled, especially because he's active as a mosquito. Where other stars rest between scenes, he's off playing catch or pitching pennies or anything but sit still in one place for two minutes. Well, he loathed and hated and despised having his hair fixed. When I touched it, he'd squirm. 'Makes me feel like a girl,' he'd growl, 'being fussed over.' I'd do it as fast as I could, trying to cut the agony short, and then I'd tell him: 'Now if you'll sit quiet for a minute and a half—' He'd duck out from under, grinning that grin of his, and next thing I knew he was off in a corner, pitching pennies."

Beatrice Halstead's thin, sensitive face wears a look of comic pain when she's asked for an interview. Like boss, like secretary. She dreads them almost as much as Bob Montgomery does—"though for different reasons," she says ruefully. "With me it's not knowing what makes a good story. With him it's hating to talk about himself. He has all the self-possession in the world—till strangers start asking him questions about himself. Then he gets tongue-tied. 'If it's an interviewer,' he'll beg over the phone, 'don't tell me. Tell me it's a tax collector or exterminator or the Fuller brush man and I'll open my heart to him.'

"He has the reputation of being a flip wisecracker. Well, he's not. He has wit. But he's naturally reserved and he's naturally courteous. He dislikes being blunt with people. But what else can he be, when they ask him silly questions, as some of them do? Somebody once asked him to talk about how he kept his sense of humor. 'I

"You're Still a Bride to Me, Dear"

Neglect of Feminine Daintiness had never tarnished their Romance

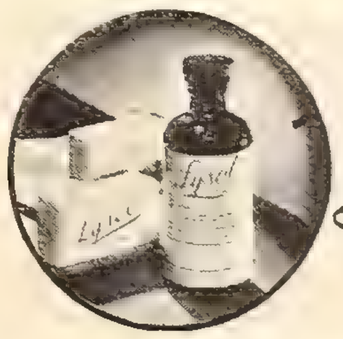
Other wives envied her life-long honeymoon . . . told their husbands, often, how nice *he* was to *her*.

It is not easy to analyze the qualities that make romance endure through the years. Individuals are so different. But, in *one* respect at least, all husbands are alike. Lack of perfect personal cleanliness in a woman is a fault they can never understand. And few things are so apt to dampen a man's affection.

Strangely enough, in many cases, a woman is not, herself, aware of neglect of proper feminine hygiene. She would be shocked to learn that she is guilty of not being thoroughly dainty. Yet, if the truth were known, many a case of "incompatibility" can be traced to this very fault.

If you have been seeking a means of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleanly, to promote intimate daintiness, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been used for feminine hygiene by thousands of women.

"Lysol" disinfectant is known as an effective germicide. Among the many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which "Lysol" provides—



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. Non-caustic..."Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness..."Lysol" is active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. Economy..."Lysol," because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" vanishes promptly after use.
6. Stability..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.,
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Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS," with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

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Your personal history is yours to make exciting and dramatic if you only wish it. One way to do so is to wear Evening in Paris Perfume, known throughout the world as the fragrance of romance. It's composed of a little mystery . . . a great deal of worldly wisdom, glamour and gaiety.

The new Evening in Paris Compact Rouge and Lipstick give your lips and cheeks color that is the perfect semblance of natural beauty. A shade to match every complexion type.

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

have no sense of humor about how to keep one,' he said. But the other day a writer came in and started telling him about her sixteen-year-old boy who was crazy about books. Well, he got so excited recommending books for the boy, recalling the books he'd loved at that age, asking if he'd read this, that or the other, that he talked all afternoon. And I'm sure she learned more about him that way than a dozen set interviews could have told her.

"You'd be surprised at how little I know about him, though I've worked with him for five years. And the little I *do* know he hasn't told me. There was a funny instance of that one time when I was just taking care of his fan mail, before I came to work for him at the studio. He moved, and neglected to tell me about it. The phone number was unlisted, the company wouldn't give it to me, and I couldn't reach him at the studio because he wasn't working. It took me two weeks to find my boss. No, I didn't tell him. As long as I'd found him, why bother about it?" said the perfect secretary.

"He doesn't chat about himself, but sometimes I notice things. Like proudly signing all the telegrams Robert, Sr., when little Bob was born. And when his thoroughbred horse, Det Lewis, was killed, I know he was heartbroken. He never spoke of it, but he hung all Det's ribbons around on the picture frames and kept them here for a week or ten days, almost as if he were in mourning. Then he took them home.

"He never fusses, and he laughs at me sometimes when I get indignant over things he says don't matter. Someone came in the other day and said: 'You may not know it, Bob, but your health is poor and that's why you don't make more pictures. So said a radio commentator last night, and he ought to know.' I was furious, because of course there's not a word of truth in it. But Mr. Montgomery just went into a dance and started singing: '*Pu*-ny boy, *pu*-ny boy, won't you be my *pu*-ny boy?' How can you help liking a man like that!"

Florence Thomas is the eldest of these girls in point of service. For eight years she has been W. S. Van Dyke's secretary and script girl, and she knows her movie stars. Florence can take them apart, and considers some of them not worth the trouble of putting together again. But about Clark Gable she says: "I'd just as soon he were in all our pictures.

"And not because he's the great Gable either, or any bunk like that. It's for purely selfish reasons. Because he's no trouble. Because he's efficient. Because he knows this is his business and treats it like a business, and not like a circus hoop for showing off. He's ready to work at nine and quit at six, he knows his wardrobe, he knows the sequence he's in, he keeps his mind on his work. He's the script clerk's delight. You never have to worry about any book or pencil that Clark carries. If he uses the right hand in one scene, you know he'll use it in the follow-up scene without your watching him. If there's a slip-up, he doesn't jump to blame it on you, like some of them. 'We're paid thousands,' I heard him say once, 'and they're paid pennies. Why should we shunt our work onto them? They've got plenty to do without playing nursemaid to us.'

"I've never seen him put on an act. In 'Love on the Run' Mr. Van Dyke thought it would be cute to have him and Crawford and Tone sing *There's a Long Long Trail* in one scene. Franchot and Joan have trained voices, and a lot of guys would have whined: 'I don' wanna play.' Not Clark. 'Sure,' he said, 'let's try it.' And he sang.

"He doesn't know what it means to make a noise like a star. He's natural to the bone. He treats me the same as he treats his leading lady. And he's always giving himself the razz. He doesn't think he's handsome. And he knows his ears are big. The fellows were kidding him one day. 'What's your fatal secret, Clark? How do you get the girls going?' 'I rake 'em in with my ears,' he said.

"Sometimes my girl friends'll wisecrack. 'Say, do they *pay* you for working with Gable? Gal, what a break *you're* getting!' They're right. I *am* getting a break. Only not for the reason they think. When a script clerk thinks a fellow's swell after one picture and then, after four, thinks the same only more so, there's just one answer. The answer is, he's a human guy to work with. And take it from me, that's the *best* we could ask for."

"Ears" Gable, take a bow!

London

Continued from page 51

Dampier. She has to hurry back to Hollywood immediately it is finished to fulfill a contract there, but then she will come across again in the fall to act in another picture with Claude.

Then one day I ate my midday meal in a sawdust ring with lions and tigers snarling angrily a few yards away from the table. (Behind iron bars, of course!) Blonde little June Clyde was celebrating her birthday with a party on the set at the Sound City Studios where she is making a circus film called "Make Up" with Nils Asther. Six tiny white ponies drew in the cake with a miniature circus in rose candy performing on the top. Husband Thornton Freeland sent June a sapphire and diamond ring. He was far away in Central Africa himself, directing exterior scenes for Capitol's coming screen saga of primitive negro life which stars the inimitable Paul Robeson.

I can't remember the menu at the old-fashioned inn where I lunched with Neil Hamilton because he had surprised me by announcing that he is now Garbo's landlord. Jeanette MacDonald rented his Hollywood house while he has been filming in London and it seems she has now left and

Blonde June Clyde of Hollywood is seen cutting the birthday cake at a party for her in a London studio.

I've never been "typing tired" since I've used the Underwood

...IT'S TUNED TO THE FINGERTIPS!

The little lady of the keyboard will give *you* a much better typing job if you give *her* a new Champion Underwood. More than that, fatigue won't dull her wits in the home stretch of the business day... nor cause her to blunder and throw the office routine out of gear.

You see, instead of *pounding*, the fingers of the operator do little more than *touch* the Champion Keyboard on the Underwood. Strange as it may seem, the Underwood saves a ton of dead-weight lifting every business day*! It's Tuned to the Fingertips.

With the new Champion Underwood in your office you will get a smarter, neater typing job. More than that, you'll get so much faster typing production that the closing hour will seldom strike on work undone. Give her a new easier-typing Champion Underwood. There's an Underwood Elliott Fisher Branch within easy reach of your telephone.

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** Actual check on energy expended in lifting type bars of all machines to striking position.*

The Champion Underwood offers six outstanding points of superior performance... speed... quality of work... durability... simplicity... easy touch and Cushioned Typing. Every Underwood Typewriter is backed by nation-wide, company-owned service facilities.

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THE CHAMPION
Underwood
STANDARD TYPEWRITER

UEF *World's Largest Manufacturer of Typewriters*

Holding Out on Hollywood

Continued from page 34

have contracts that allow them so much time each year to return to Broadway and the footlights.

"I know," he responded, "but it doesn't seem to work out. Once you get going in pictures, one part leads to another—and beside, I really don't want to be tied down. I like to be free to wander about when the urge gets me. I like to go places. I have no responsibilities; I'm not married. I couldn't be, I don't think. There's too much of the wanderlust in me."

He relit his pipe and slouched down in the chair. "Irving Thalberg wanted me to sign a term contract—said he could make a star of me in no time at all . . . But it would have meant signing away my freedom. It may sound silly, but I just had to refuse. Finally, Thalberg leaned over his desk, pressed down a key on the dictaphone, and said, 'Get me my wife.'

"He had a glint in his eye as he picked up the phone. 'Hello, Norma,' he said, 'I want you to do something for me. I want you to find a very expensive wife for Brian Aherne. A woman with very luxurious tastes—someone who can spend a lot of money.' And then he grinned at me—a grin that implied, 'I'll fix you. I'll make you work.'

"I heard Norma Shearer's laughter come over the wire. In fact, we all enjoyed a good laugh. 'Norma wouldn't do that to me,' I told Thalberg. 'She's too good a friend.'

"The producer laughed some more, and after asking about the children, he hung up.

"I finally left his office, unsigned, unsealed and unfettered."

Gene Markey and his wife, Joan Bennett, wearing orchids and a cape of many white foxes, join the film colony's seasonal social whirl.

That little episode in itself, gives you an inside picture of Brian Aherne—explains why he still remains single. Six feet, 2½ inches tall, he has blue eyes, sandy hair, and a row of strong white teeth that usually bite down on the stem of a briar pipe. There's almost a boyish enthusiasm about him as he speaks of his plans for the future, for Aherne is no overnight personality. He's grounded in his work—and he likes it. He was looking forward to playing *Iago* to Walter Huston's *Othello* in the season's third offering of Shakespeare in New York. "But," he added:

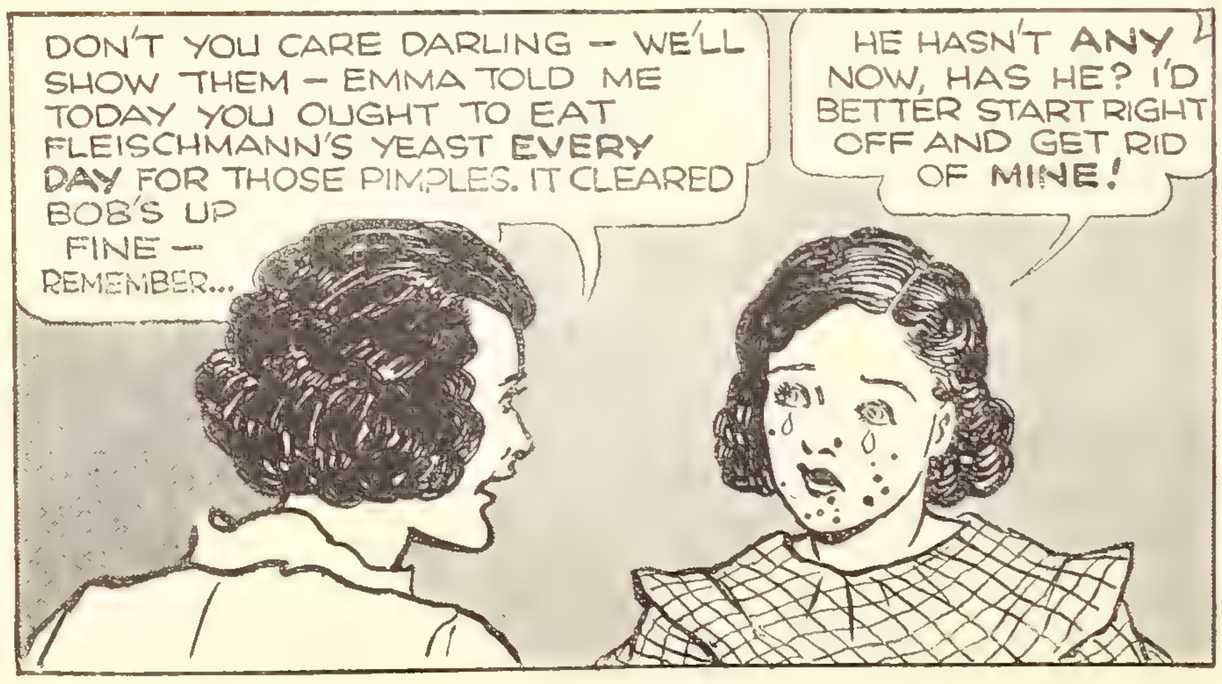
"I'd like to have done another film while here this time," he continued. "I like pictures. Especially nowadays when they're done so beautifully. You can't really afford to slight them. I don't mean by that the money, necessarily, but they've gained a most important place in the world, and demand respect. I'd like to do more pictures, but just the pictures I really want to do. And still, to have that privilege, I'd have to sign up for fifteen years—or something like that."

Believe me, there was no conceit behind this remark. He continued. "You can't blame producers for not wanting to hand me starring parts, build me up, and then have another studio cash in on their efforts. It's just as Helen Hayes once said to me: 'You can't be a stage actor and a picture actor at the same time. You've got to be one thing or the other.'"

"Come up with me while I change," he said to me. We strolled to his dressing room. Outside was parked a long, sleek Packard roadster.

"That's my idea of a car," I dropped casually.

"Mine," he chipped in, more casually. "Had a Ford last time I was here. Put it in storage when I went East. Returning to Hollywood, I ordered new tires put on it before it was delivered to me. Instead of



my car, I encountered this boat with the garageman—who also happened to be a salesman—at the wheel. He insisted that I should buy it. I protested that I didn't need a car like that, but the fellow was quite persistent."

Aherne squared back his shoulders and took a deep breath. "Great day. Great country—especially for flying. You've no idea what a beautiful place this is from the air."

"Got your license?" I asked him.

His face beamed. "Uh huh! Had a hard time getting it, though. They're tough on you in this country. In England you only need about five hours in the air, and you get a license. But not here—fifty hours! You really have to do everything in the world with a plane. But I got my license." There was a look of satisfaction on his face as he announced this.

"If my sales resistance doesn't improve, I might buy a plane."

I remarked that studio heads frown on their actors taking chances, piloting their own planes.

"Men with responsibilities really shouldn't take chances. There's another advantage to being free. Now, if I had a wife, she'd probably worry herself to death every time I went up, but . . ." Here he broke off.

I could read the significance of that broken sentence, left unspoken. I sensed that under that desire for absolute freedom, is a feeling of uncertainty. What is he missing because of his views on the marital subject?

But just as I had it set in my mind that here was a confirmed bachelor, he spoke again. "Don't get me wrong. I believe in marriage—firmly."

Having flung on a tattered-looking suit as we had talked, we left the dressing room and hurried back to the set. A bit player came up to him. "Mr. Aherne, I remember you in Australia—1926. You worked with the greatest stage director I've ever seen—Dion Boucicault."

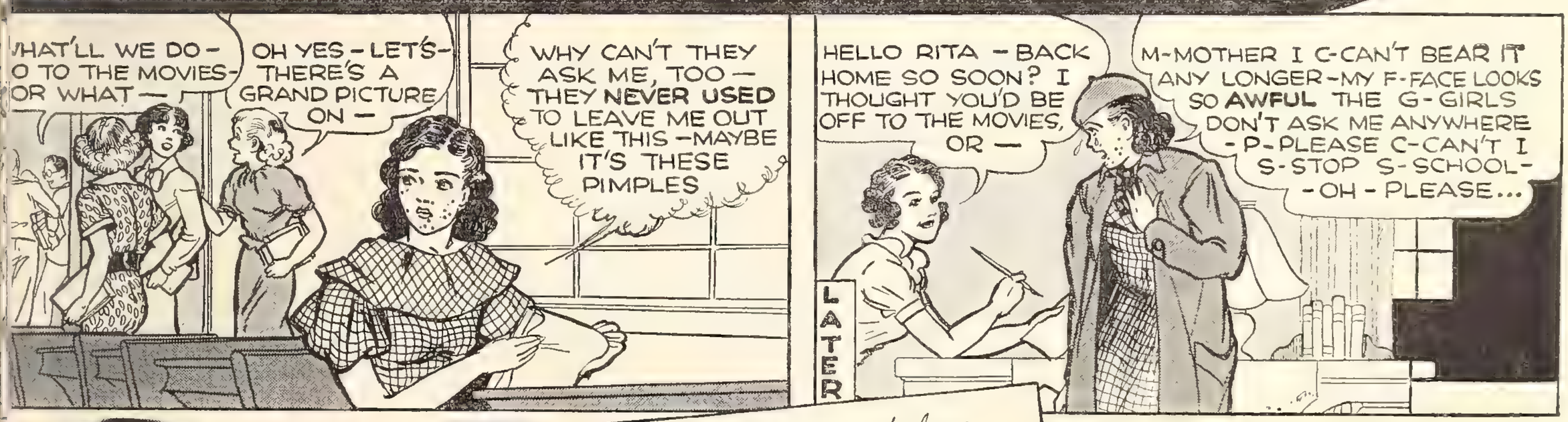
Our roving camera caught this intimate shot of Henry Fonda and his bride, the former Frances Seymour Brokaw, chatting over the coffee cups at a recent party.

I suppose you would really like to know more about the background of this young man who has played leading rôles opposite Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Helen Hayes, Ann Harding and Merle Oberon.

Born in King's Norton, Worcestershire, in 1902, he evinced theatrical leanings at the tender age of eight, and was trained by the famous Italia Conti (a professional school for children). That same year he made his first stage appearance, and two years later appeared on the London stage. In 1914, he abandoned his theatrical career and studied with a view to becoming an architect. But in 1923, we again find our friend in grease paint. Apparently, acting, not architecture was to be his life work. Followed many engagements in London, and a tour through Australia, appearing in the plays of Shakespeare, Sir James Barrie, and many other famous authors. He played in "White Cargo," "The Silver Cord," and "Craig's Wife"—the last three named, American plays.

He then made his début in pictures, and before many months was the reigning star of the English screen. At the height of this success, Katharine Cornell engaged him to play the part of *Robert Browning* in her production of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." It was this engagement that endeared him to the hearts of New York audiences. A new matinée idol was in their midst. Crowds milled around the stage door of the Empire Theatre, straining for a

Around with ME Anymore!



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I took Fleischmann's Yeast. I couldn't bear to have people look at my pimply face."

RITA NOW

—skin clear. "It is wonderful the way Fleischmann's Yeast got rid of my pimples," she says.

I know how hard it is to have to go around with a pimply face. That's why I'm glad to have this chance to tell how wonderfully Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my skin.

I wish every girl or boy who has trouble with pimples would eat Fleischmann's Yeast like I did. I'm sure it would fix them up. Rita Koch

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

glimpse of the hero who defied old *Barrett,* and rescued his lovely daughter from a life of parental oppression.

American film producers besieged him with offers, but it was not until the run of "The Barretts" had ended (two years) that he accepted the rôle opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs." Spurning further Hollywood offers for the time, he returned to England—but not for long. In fact Brian Aherne practically commuted across the North American continent and the Atlantic Ocean for the next three years. First a picture in London, then a play in New York. Another picture for M-G-M, this time in the rôle he had played on the stage in London—*John Shand,* Helen Hayes' husband in "What Every Woman Knows." Then back to New York for a revival of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." More plays and pictures in London; an American production of "Romeo and Juliet," in which he played the fiery *Mercutio* with such gusto that he was approached for the part in the picture. This was one rôle he really wanted to do on the screen, but previous commitments prevented him from playing this part. However, two more American pictures claimed him before he went East again: "I Live My Life" with Joan Crawford, and "Sylvia Scarlett" with Katharine Hepburn.

Aherne was away from Hollywood for almost a year when Sam Goldwyn signed him to play the part of the fiery Irish rebel leader in "Beloved Enemy."

I watched him make a scene under the direction of that young newcomer, "Hank" Potter. One "take" was all they needed for Aherne's scenes.

All of which comes from years of trouping (acting to you). Classical plays, modern plays; long metropolitan runs, road shows—everything. The assistant director was heard to say, "I wish they were all as easy to work with as this guy."

The scene "in the can" (Hollywood parlance for "in the camera"—finished) Aherne walked over, sat down, and reopened the subject of Broadway plays. "The big trouble with Broadway today," he said, "is the lack of good plays. A playwright friend of mine, now writing for pictures, told me a corking good story for a play, and asked me what I thought of it. I told him I thought it was great, and advised him to write it. He said he would get right to work on it. Well, the next thing I heard, he had sold it for a picture. And you really can't blame him when you consider the prices they pay. Fifteen thousand—twenty thousand—thirty thousand. Why should he go to all the trouble of writing his story into play form when he can sell the idea by just telling it to a producer?"

(Note to aspiring writers: Try to get a producer to listen to your story unless you have a "name." The aforementioned writer's salary is well up in the four-figure bracket.)

I was forced to admit that this condition did exist, but mentioned that there was always the plays of authors whose material never grew stale. Sir James Barrie, for instance.

At the mention of this author's name, Aherne displayed great enthusiasm. "I think he's the most underrated dramatist of today," he said, with conviction. "Many think he's old-fashioned—too whimsical. But under that whimsy, there's always good down-to-earth logic. Could anything be more real than the problem in 'What Every Woman Knows'? If only more women would realize that absolute faith in their husbands can carry them through to success, despite overwhelming obstacles."

At this point, Aherne was again called before the camera, and I left the set with the feeling that here was not only a fine actor, but a likeable, interesting person.

3 Girls on a Match

Continued from page 61

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Pat O'Day, Olga Dupont and Ann Dewey have shared their single ambition to win screen recognition; and shared also, for three years, expenses of a cramped apartment in Hollywood. Olga has won her way to featured parts through the influence of Richard Emmet Fielding, famous on the screen as well as off it for his romances. Humiliated and bitter over her experience at a party which Olga takes her to at Fielding's lavish home, Pat upbraids the important talent agent her friend said would help her to become a star, for his boorish jest in pushing her into the swimming pool. She leaves the party determined to forget Hollywood, career, even Eddie Ryan, the boy she likes so much, who has been kind to her in getting her extra work at a studio where he is an assistant cameraman. She will marry Bud Bradley, boyhood sweetheart, and return to Tallahassee. Bud she knows will be waiting at the apartment, with Ann, who substituted for Pat by accompanying Bud on a picnic to the beach, so Pat could answer a studio call and attend the party with Olga.

(*Continued from page 61*)

management always fell to Pat. It had been hard enough for the three girls to hold down the fort. She knew that she could never make it on her own. No, there was nothing left for Pat to do but get out of Hollywood. She would go north to Frisco and try her luck at something else.

Mechanically, she stripped off her wet clothes. Mechanically, she showered, dried, dressed. Mechanically, she began packing. She had not brought very much. There was not much to take back. She opened her purse to count out the money for Mrs. McGuinness. To her surprise, a hundred dollar bill lay inside. There was no note but she needed no note to say that this money was donated with love from Olga to Pat.

The bill trembled in her hand. Here was enough for Mrs. McGuinness and for Mr. Gianninni and the payments on the piano. But here was something more than just a hundred dollar bill. Here was Olga as she really was—soft, in spite of all her hard wise-cracking, generous in spite of her gold-digging, kind and loving and understanding. Olga had proven herself.

Ann had proven herself, too. Someone had to take Bud off Pat's hands, for now more firmly than ever, Pat realized that she had never loved him. It was Eddie that she loved—Hollywood that she hated to leave. But what was she to do?

The doorbell rang as if in answer.

Two girls stood on the threshold, bags in hand.

"Is Miss Patricia O'Day at home?"

"I'm Miss O'Day."

"Mr. Gianninni sent us over. He said you might make room for us. We're from his home town."

For a moment, Pat was too surprised to

Social side of studio life! Gary Cooper and George Raft call by at a neighboring set for a little social visit with Carole Lombard.

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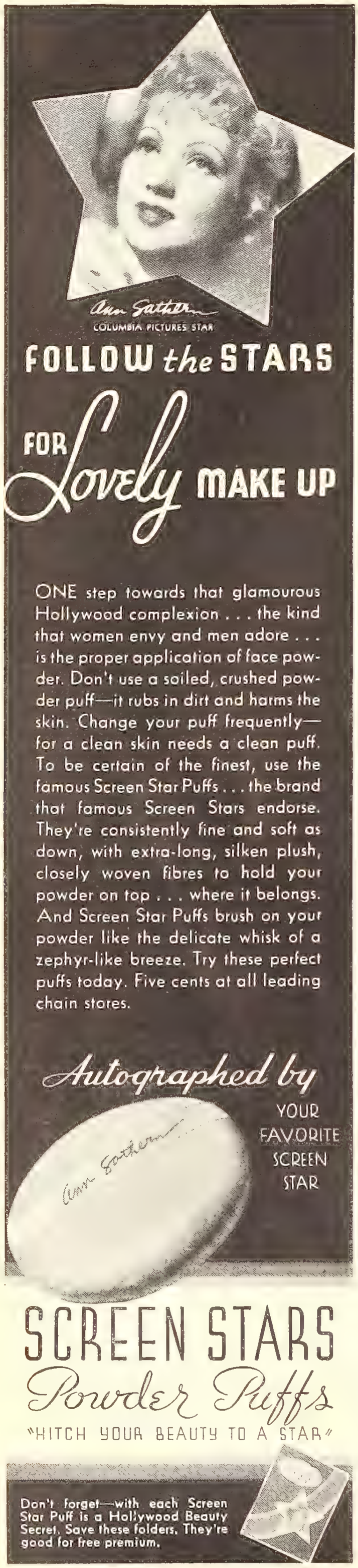

speak.

"Mary, here, is Miss Pittsburgh and I'm Miss Wilkes-Barre. We've come to break into the movies—"

Pat regained her composure. "Step right in," she invited, "and put your things down."

"Isn't this doll house ducky?" exclaimed Miss Wilkes-Barre, taking off her hat.

"Isn't Hollywood grand?" gushed Miss Pittsburgh.

"There's no place like it!" And Pat began boasting about its perennial sunshine. She had forgotten its clouds.

"I'm thrilled all over," breathed Miss Wilkes-Barre.

"Think of being here in Hollywood! Think of being able to live with Miss O'Day!"

"I'll show you around tonight," said Pat. "But now to get down to business. The three of us divide everything—share and share alike. One of us cleans the house and one of us does the dishes—and one of us cooks—that is—if there is anything to cook. And one of us must always be here to answer the phone." She clucked about like a mother hen. "Mind bunking on the couch? This is my week on the bed."

The quiet little house was instantly filled with girlish laughter and new activity.

"Hungry?"

"Starved."

"How about some supper?"

"Sounds good to us."

Pat peered into the ice box. "We've got bread—and butter—and a can of beans." She bustled about with alacrity, the two girls helping her on either side.

"There's the telephone," said Miss Wilkes-Barre.

Pat signalled Miss Pittsburgh to take the call.

"Central Casting. It's for you, Pat."

"Can you beat it!" She reached for the instrument.

"Hello."

A mechanical voice came over the line: "Myrna Loy has just been taken ill. Think you could jump into her part?"

Pat almost dropped the receiver. "Gee!"

A sudden burst of laughter came over the wire. "That got you, didn't it?" It was Eddie. "Listen, Pat. Are you listening? Got a wad of news. Got a break for you at last. Atmosphere for Ann—and hold your breath—a bit for you, Pat—two whole lines!"

"Gee. Eddie!"

"Put on your evening clothes and hustle right over. I'll be looking for you."

"Wait a minute, Eddie. I've got some news, too." Her voice dropped. "Ann eloped with Bud. And what do you think? Olga moved to the Garden of Allah." Then her voice lifted. "But I've got two new girls here. I—"

He laughed. "All right, bring 'em along!" He broke into a whistle. "When we get through working, I'm going to take you places—I'm going to keep you out all night. Want to hear something?"

"I'm listening."

"I love you. I'm going to marry you just as soon as they finish shooting this picture. Ought to be through in a week. Think you can wait that long?"

"I'll wait a month if necessary—"

"How long will you be getting into your duds?"

Pat glanced at the two girls. "We can be right over," she said.

"All right. Put a move on." He hung up.

She turned to her new charges. "You won't have time for supper. You're in the movies now." She reached for a cigarette. "Got a match handy?"

"Here you are."

"Want a smoke?"

"Don't mind if I do," said Miss Wilkes-Barre.

"One for me, too," joined in Miss Pittsburgh.

The girls took turns in lighting up.

Pat held up the cigarette. "Three on a match? Oh, no! Never again!" and she blew out the light in the nick of time.

THE END

Romantic vs. Realistic

Continued from page 29

Jimmy Stewart's gang, with Mad Mag as a ring-leader, off on a treasure hunt. Miss Garbo hastily moved to the desert.

Of course they didn't go dashing over Brentwood *every* night hunting for treasure. Often Jimmy and the boys would decide on a quiet little evening at home. So he'd call up Shirley Ross or Virginia Bruce for a date, and Shirley Ross or Virginia Bruce would naturally think she was going to the Trocadero and would dress up to her teeth in lamé and mink only to be called for later by Mr. Stewart in an old trench coat and mussed hair and driven out to Carmalina Road, Brentwood, where Henry and Maggie, and John and Joshua and their dates were tuning up for a little symphony. Somebody would play a trombone, somebody a jews-harp, somebody a drum; and those who weren't particularly talented could always play a comb. Jimmy, of course, would conduct and play his accordion, and you really haven't lived until you have heard, and seen, the long, lanky Stewart play his accordion. Strange to say, once Miss Bruce or Miss Ross or whoever Jimmy's date happened to be, got over the shock of not going to the Trocadero she entered into the spirit of the occasion and had a perfectly grand time. Imagine the beautiful Virginia Bruce tossing up hamburgers and onions in the kitchen for the hungry musicians. When the Stewart Symphony Orchestra broke into his own orchestration of the *St. Louis Blues*, Joan Crawford several blocks away thought it was an earthquake, and Mrs. Temple wondered if after all Brentwood was the right place in which to bring up Shirley.

On other evenings when they weren't feeling musically inclined the boys would invite their girls in and make moving pictures. With sound effects, color, and everything. Of course the script was usually written on the cuff, (just like in the big studios), and Jimmy usually saw to it that there was a murder or so and a big death scene. Ketchup, he decided, made the best blood, and one night be bubbled ketchup so long while Henry was trying out new angles that he has never been able to touch ketchup since, even on hamburgers.

Following her separation from Lew Ayres, Ginger Rogers, who had become a great friend of Margaret Sullavan, started going places with Jimmy. She appeared at the Troc with him the night her separation was officially announced in the newspapers so everybody decided there was something to the Rogers-Stewart romance. But there

wasn't. Jimmy just escorted her every place for a while, and then Ginger Rogers started going out with other men, and Jimmy with other girls, and Ginger is now one of Mr. Stewart's "off and ons." Anita Louise is the latest, but it isn't serious. Jimmy is at present working, and working hard, on the re-make of "Seventh Heaven" in which he plays the Charlie Farrell rôle opposite Simone Simon in the Janet Gaynor rôle. About the temperamental Simone, Jimmy has only this to say, "She is a very nice girl."

The madhouse in Brentwood was suddenly closed when Henry Fonda went social on the boys and married Mrs. Frances Brokaw, New York socialite. He didn't think his bride would like living with the boys, and the dozens of cats they had acquired, so Jimmy and John and Joshua mournfully moved away to make room for Mrs. Fonda's trunks. Miss Garbo returned from the desert, and Miss Crawford and Mrs. Temple breathed a deep sigh of relief. Margaret Sullavan rushed off to New York to do a stage play and marry her third husband, Leland Hayward, and that sort of messed things up, too. The boys are living in an apartment now on Sunset Blvd., and I have discovered the hardest job in the world, *viz.*, being the cook in their bachelor establishment. That poor colored girl doesn't know when to prepare for three starving men, or twenty of them, or none at all.

Jimmy grew up with two sisters, Mary and Virginia, in the little town of Indiana, Pennsylvania, and from an early age he was taught to have great respect for girls and women. He has never been known to tell an off-color story in their presence, and is one of the most well-mannered and considerate young men you may ever hope to meet. He likes to build electric trains, fly kites on windy days, and take a pretty girl out dancing. About marriage he has this to say, "No man should ever marry anybody but Myrna Loy." Yes, a Loy fixation.

And how's about Tyrone Power? One glance from those heavily lashed romantic brown eyes and feminine hearts simply go pitty pat, believe me. The handsome Tyrone, as you well know, first played a "bit" in "Girls' Dormitory," which picture presented Simone Simon to her American public. Although he was on the screen only for a few moments in two short sequences, Twentieth Century-Fox received four hundred letters after the release of the picture asking questions concerning the identity of Simone's "cousin." The studio was amazed, but not too amazed to stick him into another picture but immediately, and this time in a much larger part, the young *Count* in "Ladies in Love." This time the letters came in thousands. So Mr. Darryl Zanuck, who is no fool and can take a hint any day, proceeded to give the women of America what they wanted—Tyrone Power. Tyrone acquitted himself so magnificently in the rather difficult rôle of *Jonathan Blake* in "Lloyds of London" that he is now considered one of the best, if not *the* best, of the young actors, and of course is beyond a doubt the fair-haired boy of the Twentieth Century lot. His last picture is "Love Is News," in which he plays the lead opposite Loretta Young.

Tyrone definitely has old world charm, that ease of manner, and soft romantic way of speaking that women go crazy about. They tell me out at the studio where he works that the hard-boiled stenographers and secretaries who never even lift an eyelash when Warner Baxter, or John Boles, or Joel McCrea enter the office, (movie stars are nothing in their young lives), now simply do nip-ups, turn pink, and reach for their combs and compacts every time Mr. Power comes on the lot. When you can get a studio stenographer excited, that, boys, is something. But I must give Tyrone

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credit; he doesn't realize, at least not yet he doesn't, that he is exuding old world charm and being simply devastating to women. His success has been so sudden that he is still dazed by it, and all he knows is that he is exuberantly happy. "When I was a little boy," he told me, "I used to play a make-believe game that I was sitting on a magic carpet and being whisked away to all kinds of exciting places. I don't have to make-believe now. I am *on* a magic carpet." Tyrone's dark brown eyes shine when he talks to you, and he has a little habit of catching at your arm, a cordial, friendly gesture, that makes you have to share in his enthusiasm. "I am sure this sudden success will not go to my boy's head," his mother, the lovely Patia Power of stage and radio fame, says, "He knows too much about the theatre. He knows that success today may end in failure tomorrow. I am certain he will keep both feet on the ground."

Tyrone, more than any other young actor in Hollywood today, is all wrapped up in the tradition of the theatre. This doubtless accounts for his romantic charm and poise and dignity. His grandfather Power was one of England's foremost concert pianists, and his father, Tyrone Power, was one of the famous Shakespearean actors and tragedians of his day. His father died in Hollywood in December, 1931, a few hours after he collapsed on the set of "The Miracle Man." Tyrone is really Tyrone Power the Third and is very proud of his name now, though there was a time a few years back when he was in prep school that he would have given his right arm to be called Bill. He was born May 5, 1914, in Cincinnati, Ohio, in the home of his maternal grandmother on Fulton Avenue. When I last saw Tyrone he was all set to take the plane to spend Christmas with this same grandmother in Cincinnati—and I must say he was the most breathlessly happy person I've ever seen. "It'll be great fun going back there on a plane," he said. "I left there last time on a bus."

When Tyrone was a year old his father and mother decided to forsake Shakespeare for the nonce in favor of a Selig contract and came to Hollywood where Tyrone's only sister was born. (She is now Mrs. Leslie Tyrer of Honolulu). But like most theatrical families the Powers never stayed put very long, and at various times Tyrone lived in New York, San Diego, Alhambra, (it was here at the age of seven he appeared on the stage for the first time in the famous California Mission play); and Dayton and Cincinnati. He was educated at the University of Dayton and the Purcell High School in Cincinnati, where he graduated in 1931 at the age of seventeen. While in school he made expenses during the summer by being a soda jerker and an usher in the theatre there.

When he came to Hollywood with his father in 1931 Hollywood would have none of him. No studio would even give him a test. After his father's death he studied acting in the Community Theatre in Santa Barbara, and later in Chicago where he had a job during the World's Fair. His "break" finally came in New York when he had hardly enough money to buy beans at the Automat—Helen Mencken, noted stage star whom he had met in Chicago, phoned Guthrie McClintic, Katharine Cornell's producer-husband, to give the boy an interview as he had definite talent. McClintic not only gave him an interview but assigned him to understudy Burgess Meredith in the Cornell play. Then came summer stock at Falmouth, Mass., followed by important parts in two of the Cornell plays, "Romeo and Juliet" and "St. Joan." Of course by this time the movie scouts were after him hot and heavy. With the closing of "St. Joan" Tyrone signed with Twentieth Century-Fox and today at the ripe old age of twenty-two is well on his way to the cinema heights.

Although women go mad for the slender, courteous Tyrone, that young man has been very steady in his Hollywood romancing. At the same time practically that he signed his contract the studio also put under contract Sonja Henie, former Olympic skating champion. The publicity department, in the Hollywood manner, thought it would make good "copy" to announce a romance between the dark and handsome Tyrone and the very blonde Norwegian girl. When Tyrone read in the papers that he was in love with a skating girl he was consumed with boyish curiosity and couldn't wait to meet her. Once they really met the publicity department didn't have to invent any more romances for either of them. He and Sonja announced to the press at the airport before taking off for Cincinnati, (Tyrone wants his grandmother to meet Sonja), that there is no engagement. Maybe they're just in love with love.

"Lloyds of London" was the turning point in Tyrone's life. So excited he could hardly stand still, he arrived at the Carthay Circle premiere early with Sonja on his arm, and not a single fan recognized him as he entered the theatre, not a single hand applauded. The fans couldn't be bothered with unknowns when Taylors and Stanwycks and Colberts and Bennetts and Youngs and Boyers were arriving by the carload. So Sonja and Tyrone, like a couple of awe-inspired kids, stood in a far corner of the foyer and watched the celebrities arrive. And it's some kind of a record for the books that not a single movie star, producer, or what-not, bothered to speak to Tyrone. But after the picture—oh, my, that's a different story; the stars nearly wrung off his hands, and the fans went mad with their autograph books. A new star was born. Tyrone was so excited that night when he got home that he squeezed his mother so hard that he broke two of her ribs.

Tyrone's pet hobby is amateur photography with a 16 mm. camera. He swims, plays tennis, and rides horseback. He says that when Hollywood gets tired of him he will either go back to the stage or write a play. He likes to write. He wrote his first play at the age of eight and read it to his mother. "Right here," said the young Tyrone importantly, "I want the characters to come in *ad libbing*." It was then his mother knew that he would be an actor.

He prefers blondes. Quick, Westmore Brothers, the bleach!

Tyrone Power faces the realistic side of a bachelor's life when he has to sew a button on his pants, for a scene in his new picture.

The Great Love Story of a Patriot

Continued from page 31

times I've wished that I *did* believe there could be such a person."

"I knew the moment I saw you that I believed," Parnell said quickly. "It was odd, that night. Quite suddenly I felt I wanted to hear music. I got in late, the first act was almost over. Then the lights went up and I saw you, almost immediately. I wondered if that was why I felt I had to go—to meet you, to see you. I pictured you as some one distant and remote, a woman wearing white roses. It's hard to believe that you've been quite close to me the whole time."

"You mean as the wife of Captain O'Shea." Katie slowly said the words she had always tried to blot out even from her thoughts. But she felt she must say them though in her heart she knew it was not true, not since that first month of her marriage when all her ideals and hope

PARNELL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

THE CAST

Parnell.....Clark Gable
Katie O'Shea.....Myrna Loy
Aunt Ben.....Edna May Oliver
Clara.....Billie Burke
Capt. Willie O'Shea.....Alan Marshal
Campbell.....Edmund Gwenn
Davitt.....Donald Crisp
O'Gorman Mahon....Berton Churchill
Murphy.....Donald Meek
Dr. Gillespie.....Neil Fitzgerald
W. H. Smith.....Halliwell Hobbes
Irish Laborer....J. Farrell MacDonald
Gladstone.....Montagu Love
O'Brien.....Pat Moriarty
Healy.....Byron Russell
Redmond.....Brandon Tynan
Nora.....Phylis Coghlan
Pigott.....Neil Fitzgerald*
J. F. X. O'Brien.....Brandon Tynan*
Sir Charles Russell.....George Zucco
Attorney General.....Murray Kinnell

(Note: Neil Fitzgerald & Brandon Tynan Play Two Rôles)
Author: Play by Elsie Schauffler. Screen Play: John Van Druten. Director: John Stahl. Producer: John Stahl.

and love had gone from her. "And now I mustn't keep you."

"Are you going?" Parnell asked quietly. "Hadn't you something to ask me?"

"Yes, I had." Katie met his eyes squarely. "But now I don't think I'm going to. I'm afraid you've made it impossible, with your picture of the woman wearing white roses."

"What were you going to ask me?" he demanded, and somehow in spite of herself she felt herself answering.

"To come and dine with us." The words came with difficulty and so slow and halting that he could hardly hear them.

"Thank you. I shall be delighted. When?"

"Next Thursday."

"I'll come, on one condition." Parnell felt his heart leaping with his laugh. "That it is the woman wearing white roses that I'm dining with."

"I'll *wear* white roses." Katie's emphasis of the word was so strong that Parnell shook his head.

"That wasn't what I meant. Shall I tell you?"

She had everything but love

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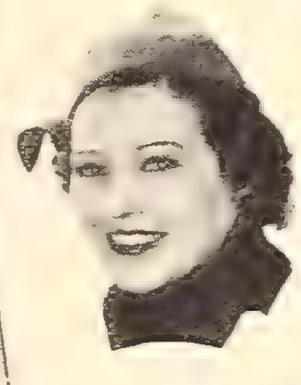

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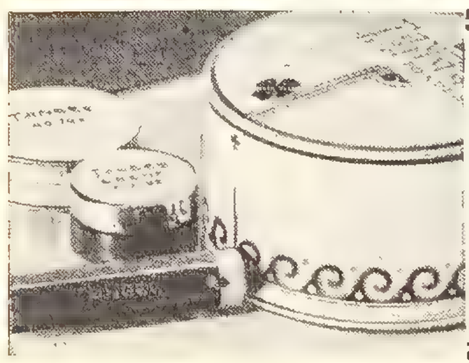

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"No!" Katie's words came in confusion. "Not now. I must go."

But on Thursday it was white roses that she selected for the centre of her dining table, and the old confusion came when Parnell's eyes strayed from them to her. And over and under her conversation ran her thoughts to meet his every word and every gesture with his smile meeting them half way.

And after dinner when she sat down at the piano it was an air from "Don Giovanni" that she played, and she had known it would be like this, that he would be coming over to her and standing beside her.

"The opera we heard together," he said in a low voice. "That's how I think of it now I've met you. It's strange, but that night the light was on your hair just as it is now. You wore roses just as you're wearing them now. Your dress was like this one but had more lace on it."

"For a man with the reputation of not being interested in women, you're very observant!"

"It's not a question of being interested in women," Parnell insisted. "But the picture of you as you were that night is burned in my memory. There's not a detail I don't remember. I shall carry it with me until the day I die."

There were so many things she wanted to say to him, but there were no words that could be said by Willie O'Shea's wife. And she couldn't say those other words, those thin, meaningless words that had no place in her heart or her thoughts. And then there was no time for words after all, for the butler came over to them and said a man had come with an urgent message for Parnell.

Katie tried to be calm as she waited, but an unreasoning fear had taken hold of her as she remembered the conversation at the dinner table. There had been a murder in Dublin the night before that had claimed the lives of the new Chief Secretary and a fellow Englishman who was his guest. A political murder at this time with Parnell gathering his forces together to demand home rule for Ireland was the worst blow that could have been dealt him.

Strange how everything that touched this man could touch her, too! Only a few days ago she had not known him save as a name, and now suddenly he had become all of the world that mattered to her.

It was to Katie that Parnell came as he entered the room again with his apologies that he must leave at once. And when she walked with him into the hall he turned and his hand closed over hers as he spoke.

"Tomorrow morning in the paper you will read something. I want to ask you not to believe it. It's not just the ordinary abuse. It accuses me—" he broke off suddenly. "I can't tell you now. But I do ask you to believe in me for a little while. I must go now, but first I want to thank you for letting me see you in your home. It is *your* home, isn't it? It's very beautiful. A frame for you."

"A frame I wish I could step out of sometimes," she said slowly, and the words came so low that he had to bend to hear them.

"I'm glad to have seen you in it," he said simply. "It tells me I was right about you. The woman wearing white roses. This is *her* home." He paused, and somehow when he spoke again his voice had changed as if bitterness had gotten mixed up with it.

"*He* doesn't live here?" And then as she flushed and shook her head, "Nor with you?" He waited for her denial. "Then perhaps I have the right to ask you to believe me in one more thing. That I'm in love with you."

"No!" It was almost as if her hands so quickly upflung were warding him off. "No! You mustn't be!"

"I am." He came closer and took her hand. "And I've never said that to anyone before. Why do you suppose that I came here to-night, except for you? Because you asked me."

"Wait!" Katie faced him bravely. "I asked you, yes. But I must tell you this, it was he who made me ask you to serve his purpose, his ambition. I must be honest with you."

"Then won't you believe my honesty when I tell you I love you?" he asked, and it was as if his voice was sweeping away all the things that lay between them. "You *must* believe it, as you promised to believe in me tomorrow."

Her words wouldn't come. But there was no need for words, not with her eyes deepening and her mouth trembling as she waited. Not with his arms reaching out for her and drawing him to her so that the wild beating in her heart answered the havoc in his.

Only that little moment, but Katie held it around her like a warm, safe cloak when she read the papers in the morning and saw that Parnell had been accused of plotting the murders in Dublin. And later that day when she drove to London to sit in the visitors' gallery in the House of Commons and heard them deny him the hearing before Parliament that he had asked for instead of the hearing before three judges who would have the power to sentence him if he were found guilty, she lived it over again and held to it desperately.

No use any further to Captain O'Shea's ambitions this man branded as a murderer, and so this time it was for herself that Katie agreed when he asked if he could come to her house for dinner when he returned from the trip he had to make to Ireland.

In another week she would see him again, but it was as if he were with her when she walked in the garden or sat sewing before the fire with Aunt Ben smiling a little when his name was mentioned. For even though he was in Ireland desperately trying to quell the rioting that had followed on the heels of the crime, she could read of the things he was doing, could picture him and recapture again the sound of his voice in her memory.

"Destroy London, will you?" She couldn't have felt nearer to him if she had been at the meeting in Dublin where he spoke than she did now reading his answer to a fanatic demanding violence. "What better way could you choose to show you're unfitted to govern yourselves? Wasn't the bloodshed in Dublin enough of a disgrace? I've promised you a parliament. You'll get it. But not if you hear the babblings of a crack-pot like this fellow. All he'll get you is the English soldiers here to wipe you out. And you'll deserve it!"

Was it any wonder that she loved this man strong enough to quiet even Ireland rebellious and ever impatient?

It went all too slowly, that week away from him, and then one morning she woke knowing that in the evening she would see him and again she wore white roses as she sat in the drawing-room with her aunt

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Little Al Jolson seems more interested in his mother, Ruby Keeler, than the "birdie" that daddy Al tries to get the youngster to look at for a special portrait.

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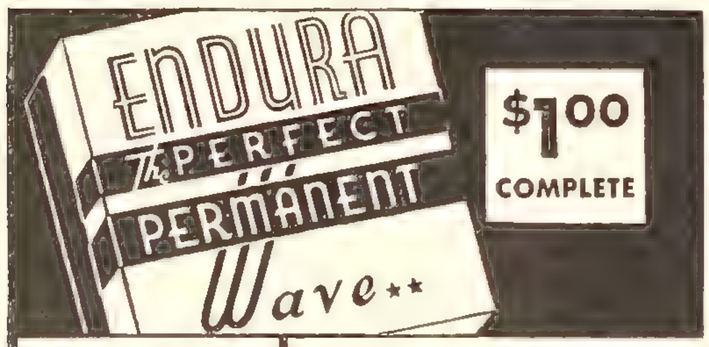

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waiting. But it wasn't Parnell who came after all, but a messenger.

"Aunt Ben, he's ill in London." Her eyes stared over the telegram. "This is from his secretary. I must go to him."

"My dear, you can't go." Her aunt's wise old eyes softened as they looked on her young despair. "You can't go flying up to London like this."

"I know it's madness," Katie said wildly. "I know just what it means—convention—everything. But, Aunt Ben, he's ill—and I must go."

She didn't wait even to change her lovely fragile gown and so it was as he first saw her that he saw her again. In white and lace, with roses on her breast and in her hair. And her breath caught a little when she saw that he was dressed, and that ill as he was, he had been going to her.

"You are coming down to me," she whispered. "To be taken care of. I know now that all that matters is that you must be well and taken care of."

"We must be together always." Strange how his heart that had caused the doctor's concern an hour before quieted with her voice. "Katie, my darling, listen. I'm not asking you to start a love affair with me. I want you as my wife before the world. O'Shea will divorce you."

"Don't you think I've begged for that?" she said slowly. "Besides, you wouldn't have any world with me as your wife. Every peasant from Cork to Ulster would be told that you'd stolen *his* wife."

"They would follow me." His voice was so sure, so almost arrogant now that she was with him again. "Will you?"

"If it won't harm you."

"And yourself?" he asked.

"Myself is you, now." There was no stopping the eager rush of her words. "I love you."

Again there was that singing silence as he took her in his arms, that quick blotting out of all the things that had troubled them as his lips took hers again. There were only the two of them then in all the world and their love and their need for each other.

There was so many things to do for him in the next four months before his trial would take place, and Katie did them all so eagerly, so joyously. First there was his heart, that must be gotten strong again for the ordeal he was to go through. And there was his correspondence to be attended to and Katie sat beside his chair as capable as any secretary reading to him from the stack of letters that he had been unable to answer before.

"All these stacks of unopened letters!" she said. "You know, if we're ever separated I shan't dare write to you. You'd never read the letters. What am I to say to this one?"

"I don't know." Parnell glanced at the letter she gave him. "He spells agriculture with two g's right in the second line. I can't read any further."

It was one of his little idiosyncracies, this horror he had of poor spelling, but she loved it too because it was so much a part of him. Strange that other people couldn't know him as she did. Then they would know those letters purporting to come from him and which linked him so definitely with the Dublin murders were forged. For there was a mistake in spelling in them that Parnell would never have made. Over and over in those letters the word hesitancy was always spelled with an "e."

"Charles, is there no clue?" Her heart tightened as it always did when they spoke of his coming trial. "Have they found nothing?"

"Nothing—yet."

"Can't I come to Court tomorrow?" Even as she asked she knew what his answer would be. "I can't just stay here and go on sorting letters."

"Do you mind?" he asked, and he took her hand and held it against his cheek and he felt he could stand tomorrow and all the other tomorrows if always it could be as it was then with the two of them so close, with her smile coming as it did then, warming and sweet.

All through the days of the trial Katie waited until evening when Parnell would be with her again and she was glad of the correspondence that chained her to her desk and gave her surcease from thinking.

But always the thought of her was there to make that courtroom endurable to the man on trial; always she was there between him and the witness in the box, between him and the three judges weighing every bit of evidence.

She was there when the newspaper editor testified that he had received the damaging letters and had had them authenticated by a hand-writing expert before printing them in his charge against Parnell. An important witness, this editor of a powerful paper that had always been his enemy; and yet Parnell could only think of Katie and the way her chin tilted when she smiled, and his hand trembled a little as he scrawled on a bit of paper. Just her name over and over again. "Katie O'Shea, Katie O'Shea," written in pencil on that scrap of paper as it was written in tears in his heart.

"The Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union from whom you obtained these letters is a Conservative organization opposed to Mr. Parnell. Is that right?" The defending attorney demanded, and then at the man's affirmative: "It's objects are to destroy the Irish National Party of which Mr. Parnell is the leader. Is that right?"

Everyone in the court-room tensed as the witness squirmed a little in his chair. Even Gladstone, the Prime Minister, leaned forward in his chair.

But Parnell still scrawled on the piece of paper and this time it was Katie *Parnell* that he wrote, and the fears that had not come to him in his danger came to him now in his love for this woman.

"You were not sorry when these letters were brought to you? Did you ask Mr. Houston when he gave them to you where he had obtained them?"

On and on went the relentless cross-examination, and the editor paled as he had to admit that he knew Houston only slightly and that his knowledge of Richard Pigott, the Dublin newspaperman from whom Houston had procured them, was unfavorable.

Even when Pigott took the stand Parnell did not lift his eyes. A loquacious witness and a wily one, his answers glibly parried the thrusts of the lawyer and Parnell's followers trembled as they looked at him.

One of them frowned as a court attendant whispered to Parnell that Mrs. O'Shea was in the ante-room and wanted to see him on very urgent business. And he frowned as Parnell went eagerly out.

But a few minutes later the frown was gone, for there was Parnell walking almost jauntily back into the courtroom again, a letter in his hand which he gave to his lawyer.

Then the quick question came: "Mr. Pigott, I put it to you that you wrote to Mr. Parnell more than once in an attempt to obtain a specimen of his hand-writing for you to copy."

"I never wrote to him," Pigott protested. "Never."

But he paled as the lawyer put the letter Katie had brought into evidence and his voice could hardly be heard as he admitted it came from him.

There in the first line was the misspelled word "hesitancy," spelled with an "e" as

it had been in the forged letters. Pigott stammered then as he pleaded illness and begged to be excused.

There was stillness in the courtroom as he stumbled out beside an attendant, a stillness that was shattered in another moment by a shot and the attendant running back shouting that the man had committed suicide.

There was no doubt of the guilty man then, but Parnell was strangely quiet as he rose to receive the triumphant shouts of his party. The tide was turning towards him again with even the Prime Minister himself waiting to speak to him and his followers leading him in a triumphant march to his office. But it was all as nothing to the moment he came into the room and saw Katie waiting.

"Charles, it was wonderful!" The tears she has never shown him before came then in her happiness. "I heard them cheer you. What did it feel like? What were you thinking of as you stood there?"

"Nothing." Parnell's arms reached out for her. "Except that none of it would have happened if you hadn't stayed at home to tidy my correspondence! But there is something else, something that happened just afterwards. I spoke to Gladstone. He congratulated me and told me that he has agreed to all my terms for the Home Rule Bill. He'll introduce it."

"Charles!" Only that small laugh closing over his name.

"It can only be a matter of weeks now. He's arranging a reception to announce it. You and Aunt Ben are to be asked." Then as the crowd clamored outside the door, he kissed her and whispered, "Give me just five minutes to tell them what I've just told you."

Out of sight of all of them behind the half-open door Katie waited, and the tears

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streamed down her cheeks as she heard their eager plaudits. Then a very small old man was hoisted to the table and lifted a trembling hand for silence.

"O'Brien!" came the shouts. "Old O'Brien. Let's hear O'Brien!" Mr. Parnell sir," the old man quavered. "As the oldest member of the Irish party, one whose father fought with Robert Emmett, who as a mere gossoon himself was with O'Connell and has served a term in prison and even been sentenced to death in the service of Ireland, all my life I've dreamed and waited for this day. It has been long in coming, almost too long, for me. For eighty years I've carried in my ears one phrase more haunting than any melody the harp of Ireland ever played. The phrase, 'Home Rule for Ireland.' You've got it for us, Charlie, and I say, an old man nearly past his time, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the glory. . .' He could not go on then for weeping and so they lifted him from the table.

Katie's hands pressed against her eyes and then the door was closed behind her and she felt Parnell's hands lifting her own from her drenched eyes.

"Why, Katie, what is it? What are you crying for?" he asked.

"For happiness!" Her eyes were like violets under a morning mist. "For pride—in you. To see someone as happy as that old man, who's wanted something, as much as that! It makes me feel so small and selfish. And so terribly humble just to have been allowed to see it, have a part in it."

"More than a part in it," Parnell said quietly. "All that I've done or ever shall do is yours, Katie. Suppose that this had happened not now, but before I met you, and I had come in here alone like this—proud—yes, I'll admit it. I *am* proud. And humble, too. Suppose I had come in here alone with no one to share it with, no one to bring it to. Instead there's you, and I do bring it to you. Everything I've done is yours."

And then somehow he found he could not go on, either, and he was as shy as a schoolboy as he wiped her eyes with his handkerchief, and they both laughed as they went out into the night together.

There was fog and for a little time they were lost in it. It was as if the world had been taken away from them and in going had taken with it all the things that had troubled them and all the heartache and the glory too.

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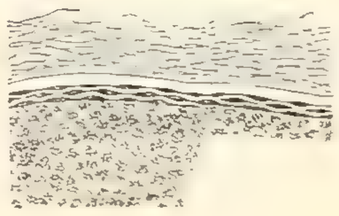

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But when they reached Aunt Ben's London home at last they knew the world was there waiting for them after all. For Willie O'Shea it was who answered their eager pounding on the door.

Katie had not seen him since the night he had forced her to have Parnell dine with them and she stiffened a little as he offered his mocking congratulations and then suavely suggested that Parnell appoint him as the new chief secretary.

He smiled even as Parnell angrily refused, but neither he nor Katie smiled as the door closed after him as last. For even that smile was a threat, and a few weeks later when they were setting out for Gladstone's reception Katie was given a summons and as she looked at it she saw Willie was suing her for divorce and naming Parnell as co-respondent.

It was the death of the thing Parnell had given his life to. Being named as co-respondent in a divorce suit in Victoria's England was his political death. Willie O'Shea, the weakling, had torn down the hope Parnell the fearless had built into a certainty. Now with the leader of the Irish party in disrepute, Home Rule for Ireland was lost.

There was a stormy meeting that night at Parnell's headquarters, and when he came back at last Katie was waiting for him in the drawing-room.

"I want you to listen to me, Charles, and listen quietly," she said, and he saw that her hands twisted as they had that first time she had come to him. "I saw Willie tonight, and told him I am going to defend the suit. And my defense means that I can't see you again. You've got to be cleared at all costs, Charles, even at the cost of my denying you—my love for you."

"Are you mad?" And for the first time something like anger against her stirred in his voice.

"No, I'm sane. Horribly, agonizingly sane! I've thought this out, and this is the story. Willie and I conspired to get you here, to get you to make love to me, to fall in love with me. That it was a plot from the beginning against you."

"Katie, this isn't sense!" He knew fully the thing she was offering him and the thing he was refusing. It was Ireland he was turning down in his love for her. "You can't defend this case. Isn't this what we've always wanted? Freedom for you, for us to marry?"

"Not like this! It's more than your career," her hand touched his in a gesture of renunciation. "It's your destiny. You can't destroy that. Home rule might be just a phrase but I remember that old man O'Brien and what it meant to him."

"Katie, this is not going to happen!" He took her by the shoulder and he was hurting her, but neither was aware of it. "We shall not defend the case. For better or worse this thing has happened and in any case it means a fight. You know I've never been afraid of that—I shan't be with you beside me. But without you, there'd be no heart in me to go on. And I shan't lose. The party will stand by me. They've never failed me yet. I've given my whole life to them. And all I'm asking for myself is you."

"I'm afraid," she whispered, and even when he came to her and his arms were around her she whispered the words again against his cheek. "Oh, Charles, I'm so afraid!"

So it was the O'Shea divorce case went undefended, and so it was when Willie's divorce was granted and Parnell's name had become something for men and women alike to jeer and mock at that Gladstone's letter, came demanding his resignation.

Katie went to him, and it was hard to go through the ante-room to his office, to walk past the hatred in the eyes of his men as they looked at her, to see that now they no longer looked upon him as a god but as someone more human than they.

He had changed since she last saw him, looked older and more tired, and pain had written new lines in his face; and then as she hesitated on the threshold he was smiling again and drawing her into his office and closing the door behind them.

"Do you hate me terribly for doing this to you?" she asked.

"Hate you?" Even now the old exultation came back into his voice. "From the first moment I saw you I knew I loved you. I knew that we must be together always, in this world or any world to come."

"You can still say that!" she whispered.

"I shall always say it. And now you must go. There's to be a meeting. I may be late, but however late it is I'll come to you tonight."

So he stayed to face the men who had made a god of him and who could not forgive him now that he had proven himself a man. His voice that had moved them so often failed now as they turned against him. Home rule was not lost, he told them, and he begged them to follow him where before he had commanded; but now for the first time no one answered him.

Afterwards he collapsed, and when the doctor came Parnell read the truth in his face. It was over then, life and love, over and done with. Once he would have been glad to have it like this, to go when his work was finished, but then he had not met Katie.

He went to her as he had promised, and when she saw him there was no need to tell her the thing she saw already in his eyes. And this time it was on her arm that he leant and her young strength that supported him as they went into the house.

"This room, a fire, and you!" he sighed as he lowered himself into the armchair. "I've thought of it the whole way down. I'd have come across the world to you tonight. Sit beside me, Katie. Let me hold you. Oh, it's good to have you here against my heart, where you belong!"

It was afterwards, after she had gotten him into the great bed upstairs, that the crowd gathered outside the house and the man on the bed smiled as he heard his name shouted as it had been shouted before in love and awe. For already the news that he was dying had been whispered about the city and it was as if in dying he had come to greater life again.

"Katie," his hand reached out for her. "There's something we've got to talk about. Our marriage. We're going to be married. Did I forget to mention it? Or did I never ask you? Do you want me to ask you again now? Katie, will you be my wife?"

It was only a moment since he had stopped speaking and yet in that moment he had gone.

"Parnell! Parnell!"

The voices rose outside the window, voices harsh with the tears of those who shouted it. And then something almost like peace came to take the place of the despair that had come to her. Parnell was dead, but those voices outside were alive and vibrant, and as long as his name would come like that on other men's lips he would live too. So long as Irish grass would grow and Irish rain would fall he would live in the hearts of those who had worshipped him as he lived in *her* heart because she had loved him.

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FREE BOOKLET

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 14

"After this orgy of decorating, I'm feeling a trifle let down," she admitted, "so we're having a very simple luncheon today. Just fruit cup, chef salad, and Cheese Thins.

"Did you know that California is the only place that knows what you mean when you order chef salad? Well, I've tried to get it every place I've stopped in this country and failed. And it's my favorite luncheon dish."

In case readers of SCREENLAND don't know this salad, let me explain that it consists of strips of turkey, chicken, corned beef, ham, or whichever you have in the larder at the moment; lettuce, endive, watercress (one or all); sections of hard-boiled egg, asparagus, avocado and strips of pimento. Into which toss lightly a good French dressing.

"I think it would be fun to make this story about international dishes," said my hostess, as she viewed her table.

"Some of the recipes I have on hand I've tried out, and some I'm still waiting to try on guests. So let's take a Russian soup, Italian Macaroni, Hungarian beef-loaf, Mexican souffle, and Yorkshire Curd Cheese Cakes. I wouldn't dream of serving them all the same day, though."

RUSSIAN BEET SOUP

Place in an iron pot 1 lb. of fat brisket of beef cut in six pieces, 1 peeled and thickly sliced beet, and ½ lb. of onions peeled and sliced, cover with 7 cupfuls of cold water, bring slowly to a boil and simmer for two hours; add ½ cup sugar and the strained juice of 2 lemons and simmer one hour. Season with salt and paprika and serve hot. This is a sweet and sour soup.

Gloria Stuart, playing hostess, is ready to serve some of the tasty international dishes she favors.

"Did you ever try using popcorn in cream soup instead of croutons?" asked Gloria. "Someone told me of it the other day and I'm going to do it. You butter the popcorn and have it very crisp."

ITALIAN MACARONI WITH ANCHOVIES

Boil ½ lb. macaroni in boiling salted water, drain and keep hot. Heat ⅓ cup of butter in a frying pan, and 1 dozen boned and chopped anchovies, 3 table spoons chopped capers, 1 small clove of garlic finely chopped, and 1 dozen pitted and chopped ripe olives; cook until brown, add the cooked macaroni and ½ cup Kraft parmesan cheese (grated). Heat and serve.

"I have the first Spode china pattern ever made," cried my hostess, opening her dining-room china cabinet to exhibit the precious collection. "I'm not using it today because it isn't complete, and besides it's so rare. I had been reading up about old china and saw that the first pattern was of green grape leaf on white and then I walked into a shop in Glendale and picked it up!"

The Groucho Marxes, who dine with the Arthur Sheekmans, (Gloria Stuart), at least twice a week, are reported to be very fond of the beef loaf.

HUNGARIAN BEEF LOAF

Put through the fine knife of the meat grinder ½ lb. lean beef and mix with ½ lb. sausage meat, ½ lb. lean boiled ham, (Hormels is good), cut in small dice, and an equal measure of bread crumbs. Season with 1 chopped clove of garlic, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 finely chopped green pepper, and salt and paprika. Mix the beaten yolk of 1 egg, beaten with 4 tablespoons milk

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MARVELOUS Eye-Matched MAKEUP by RICHARD HUDNUT

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Acme

Another Hollywood romance? The film colony has added the names of Beverly Roberts and Director William Keighley, above, to its list of romantic twosomes.

and the stiffly beaten egg white. Place in a buttered mold, cover tight and steam or boil for 2 hours. Unmold on a hot dish and pour around Heinz tomato sauce.

"Binnie Barnes told me about the Yorkshire cakes," said Gloria. "They are quite rich, but delicious. You serve them with tea."

YORKSHIRE CURD CHEESE CAKES

Place in a bowl 2 cups sweet milk and 2 cups buttermilk. Put the bowl in oven and allow milk to reach 212 degrees. Remove from stove and stir with a wooden spoon until the white curds cling to the spoon, and the liquid which we call "whey" is divided from it. Then drain curds free of all liquid, pressing gently.

Add 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons currants and 2 beaten eggs.

For the pastry, mix 2 cups flour, ⅔ cup butter or Crisco and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Water. A slightly richer variation of simple pastry is desirable, so after mixing with the sifted flour, salt and ⅔ of the Crisco, it is well to roll out the pastry and dab on the rest of the shortening in tiny bits an inch apart. Grease a plate, cover with pastry, spread the cheese curd on it, add a little grated nutmeg, and decorate the top with a few twisted strips of pastry. Bake for 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

Don Alvarado is among the Sheekmans' frequent guests but, though a Latin himself, he had to admit that the Mexican Souffle was new to him.

MEXICAN SOUFFLE

Scald a cup of clear black coffee. Stir into it 3 tablespoons butter that have been creamed with 3 tablespoons cornstarch and 2 tablespoons grated Bakers chocolate. Remove from the fire and stir it slowly into the yolks of 3 eggs, beaten well with ⅓ cup butter. Fold in the whites beaten stiff and bake in a pudding dish in a pan of hot water for 25 minutes.

"I am one of the world's best bargain hunters," lilted Gloria, presently, as we mounted the stairs from the hall. "See that basket flower-stand on the landing? I bought it for $15, and Bill Haines offered me $90 for it, any time I'm tired of it!"

Arthur Sheekman's bedroom has a dark blue carpet, and the furniture and furnishings are separate triumphs for the bargain-hunter.

"See this spread?" she cried. "A woman from the museum is coming out to copy it. She says it must have been made in 1815. See, it has two finished sides—one for winter, one for summer. It's designed in scenes, Mt. Vernon, here, group of statesmen, there, and so on. I found it in a junk shop!

"That's a student lamp, made for oil, but I've had it electrified. And there's a banjo clock—oh, and see this desk chair! It was painted black when I found it and the man in the shop said he thought it was probably pine or some cheap wood. But I

Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros. Star appearing opposite Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in Warner Bros.-Cosmopolitan Picture "Green Light"

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had a hunch. I had it stripped down and it is solid cherry! Was he mad when he found out what he'd sold me?"

Gloria's room, when I had last seen it, had been a fairy bower of pale pastel. Now it is a treasure-house for Gloria's treasure-hunting.

"Look at this bed! I bought the frame for $21, and it's solid mahogany. It had cane inserts, but I had them removed and the whole thing upholstered in old blue."

It looks more like a couch for a French queen than a bed, for it has a sofa-back as well as foot and head boards.

There's a revolving Sheraton bookcase, crammed with books, a Dresden lamp, a Sheraton coal hod and a French desk of red mahogany.

"The tie-backs for the curtains are old Sandwich glass plates," she pointed out. "They used to use them as decorations over horses' ears, but they are perfect in here."

There is a cabinet at the side of the room filled with such delightful trifles as a French fan, a snuffbox with a tortoise shell cover, a tiny rose quartz cup and a Victorian letter opener the size of a small sword.

On the mantel is a Dresden cabinet set, consisting of six cups and saucers, teapot, cream jug and sugar bowl. Slender young men in top hats form the handles of the pieces, bent over the rims so that if you dared to drink from a cup a top hat would stick you in the eye! The lids of teapot and sugar bowl were ladies in spreading crinolines.

Downstairs again, Gloria brought out a bundle of bargains not yet arranged and we sat on the floor to inspect them.

"I found them in somebody's basement shop," she gloated. "This old brocaded altar cloth was only fifteen cents a yard! And here is a cashmere shawl of the time of Madame Recamier, and this, my dear, is an old waistcoat of the time of the French Revolution! See, it's cut velvet. It once had a lace front, I think, but that's gone. I'm going to have it cleaned and hang it on a wall!"

Fashions for Hair

Continued from page 64

one is a bird with its beak pointing audaciously down on your forehead and its feathers intermingled with your hair. Many real or artificial flower decorations are being worn. And the three tiny ostrich feathers tilted forward from atop one's head, called the "Prince of Wales" head-dress, continue to be smart.

Of course, if you're joining the hair-style revolution, you simply must have the right hair-cut. An up-to-date hairdresser will know how to cut your hair if you explain carefully the style you want to adopt. Or better still, show him a picture of how you'd like the finished coiffure to look.

Unless your hair is naturally curly, you need a permanent wave to give body to those curls and rolls so they'll stay in place. If you want to keep your hair flat around the center of your head, have the permanent only in the ends and perhaps close to your forehead.

Hair that has the right amount of wave and that is cut properly is easy to train into those loose curls and rolls. The secret of a successful cut is to have your hair thinned out from the scalp toward the ends so it is uneven in length. When hair is cut straight across too much weight falls on the ends and they will not stay in curl.

A brush is your best ally in training your

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hair into one of the new styles. Always start by brushing your hair forward, over your head. Then brush it up from your ears and the back of your neck. Now, back from your forehead, and make your part. Comb or brush the hair over your forefinger to make the curls and rolls.

There's a new device called a "tail comb" that's a big help getting all the ends tucked neatly under. Half of it is a fine tooth comb and the other half is an oblong shaped rod that tapers off to a point. After you've combed the hair over your finger, run this rod in between the hair and the finger, then roll it around the under side of the curl two or three times. It smooths every end into the curl and holds the latter in place when you pull your finger out.

Your hair should be "set" differently to get that upward sweep over the ears and the tucked-under curls that characterize most of the new hair styles. The old way to make curls was to take a strand of hair and twist it down and out toward the face into a small coil. The new way is to roll the coil inward toward your scalp, then secure it with a bobby pin. Put more hair in each coil when you want a larger wave. And you can comb or brush several of the coils together to make a large roll.

Dampen your hair with warm water before you set it, and don't get it too wet. Then it will dry quickly and you'll avoid the deadening effect cold water has on hair. A setting lotion should not be necessary when you don't want formal waves. Some of the best beauty shops now use only warm water for setting hair.

Going Places With a Camera

Continued from page 27

taking, the Pareras agree, is the urge to live over again wonderful days.

"Just looking at the pictures you've taken at some happy time brings back pleasant memories," said the prima donna. "Here is a group at Eze, Madame Balsan's place, with the Fritz Kreislers, Elsa Maxwell, and Madame Balsan, who was formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt and also formerly the Duchess of Marlborough.

"And this shows the Grace Moore dahlia. It was created and named for me by a man in California. I took the bulbs to Cannes and raised even bigger flowers from them there."

We've showed you Grace Moore in pictures of her travels, now here she is very much at home.

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"The difference in our methods is the difference in ourselves," observed Mr. Parera. "Miss Moore is afraid of no one—she fears nothing. She takes it for granted that whatever she does is right and that everyone will be pleased with her. For me, I hope that I will not trespass—she does not even dream that she *could* trespass! She expects that everybody will be happy to see her, and that is true. But I have not the self-confidence!

"At Cannes, I used to walk about on the sands, with my camera concealed at my side where my finger could reach the shutter. When I saw something I wanted, I'd try to look unconcerned as I took it. People in suit-baths—what you call them?—bathing suits! yes—look at me and sometimes say: 'You took my picture—I saw you!' but I look innocent. How could they suspect me? I try to seem annoyed. But I do not fool them all, even so."

"These are particularly choice," said the star, holding up a new selection from the heap on the table. "St. Moritz, Switzerland! These shots of me in winter sports outfit against Alp-Grüm above St. Moritz—a mountain of glass. Unfortunately it looks like dirt in the pictures, but really it's ice as smooth as glass and as hard to climb. Three people tried to climb it while we were there and they were all killed."

"You will see that these two views of the lake and mountains are taken from almost the same spot," pointed out her husband. "In one I used a yellow filter which gives different values to the blacks in the picture. In one, the small point of land is dark, in the other it is light—that is the result of filters.

"This view of the little inn overlooking the snowcapped peaks—the same inn outside which Miss Moore took her shot of me—is made better because of the use of filters. You need them for distance."

Acme

Their first snapshot together! James Stewart and Simone Simon, playing rôles that made Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor famous, co-star in "Seventh Heaven."

Snapshots taken on the Riviera, in the lost city of Pompeii, in Budapest and on the canal at Amsterdam—each recalled a happy day in Copenhagen and Stockholm.

"Do you remember—?"

"Will you ever forget, darling? These pictures represent memories we are storing up for guarantee against the delicious monotony of inactive old age—memories that will hold us close together."

Mr. Parera is to have a dark room in a lodge on the new Parera estate in Brentwood, California.

"Taking the picture is only one step," according to him. "When you have the negative in your dark room, you can get the effect you hoped for even if you didn't succeed when you clicked the shutter. If you need a darker shadow, or a lighter contrast, you can achieve either by manipulating an extra sheet of paper over the print, correcting the shadows.

"You can cut out the things you do not want, you can put more emphasis on the chief figure in your picture, or you can vary the light and shade. Often the best pictures are made in the dark room."

"Not *my* best pictures," chuckled the star. "Once a Brownie user, always a Brownie user! I take what I like and I like what I take—or nearly always. After all, it's the spirit of the thing called adventure."

"Fascinating!"

. . . Men Say of These Three Stars

. . . wouldn't you like to have others say this about you?

ROCHELLE HUDSON, *20th Century-Fox*

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ALICE FAYE, *20th Century-Fox*

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CLAIRE TREVOR, *20th Century-Fox*

New Lip Make-Up

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HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLER

Five Hollywood Wives

Continued from page 33

be said about any home," she smiled, curling herself into a window seat, her feet tucked under the skirt of a smart tailored suit. "I'm glad that, though our house is large, it doesn't seem stiff and cold. At first I thought my drawing-room a little formal. But a room that large simply can't be made cozy—and in keeping at the same time. So we've done the next best thing, and lived in it *hard* if you know what I mean. At Christmas time we had the baby's tree and toys all over the place, and even though Mervyn and I spend most of our at-home evenings right here in this room, we never shut off any part of the house. We live in all of it, even if some of Mervyn's scripts wind up in the drawing-room, and one of the baby's toys under the dining-room table. That is the only way to live in any home, whether it is one room or fifty. A home is built to hold happiness; if that is interior-decorated out of it—it has failed!"

It was here that Doris explained her domestic philosophy, as it affects her household staff. "We are happy here," she said, "and we insist upon being surrounded with happy people."

I suggested that the servant problem in such an establishment must present a real difficulty.

Doris chuckled: "It could; but in this household, it doesn't! By simply refusing to make a problem of it, I think we have had fewer difficulties with servants than anyone I know. In the first place, our home runs surprisingly on system for a supposedly 'difficult' movie house. I suppose I am a very lucky girl to have such a punctual husband; but Mervyn's studio work has never meant the dents in our living schedule I've heard so many other Hollywood wives complain about. It is only on the rarest occasions we cannot dine promptly at eight.

"In the second place, and I believe this is important, when people come to us, I tell them just what I have mentioned before, plus the duties I expect from each of them. And after that is said *once*, I leave them the responsibility of doing these things well —or else we get someone who will!"

She reached for a cigarette in the box beside her, lighted it. "While we are on the subject," she smiled, "I'll tell you a little secret: I'm not terribly domestic. I know women usually apologize for this lack in their make-up, if they'll admit it at all. I want things to run smoothly and well. But to save me, I can't see where it is the mission of every homemaker to turn into a dust-detective, or an ash-snooper. Of course, if anything is radically wrong, I'll find it and have it corrected. But life in Hollywood holds far more interesting things for me than looking for domestic-staff troubles, or resorting to it as a topic of conversation over luncheon tables.

"Oddly enough, one of the biggest problems we have ever had with help has not been with their work, but because one or two of them have wanted to use their jobs as a stepping stone to being 'discovered' by Mr. LeRoy for the movies. One girl came to us as a maid who really wanted to be a movie star. And we had a chauffeur who had his heart set on becoming a 'reader' in the script department. We had to get rid of them both," she laughed. "Mervyn interviews enough people for jobs at the studio without having to do it all over again when he's at home."

I said: "There's our first real problem in being the wife of a famous director—are there any others?"

She thought a moment before she replied. "It is impossible to generalize on such a

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Here's Hollywood

Continued from Page 63

THAT Cary Grant-Bobby Mollineaux romance is still in bloom. They were Clover-Clubbing the other evening, with Bobby looking more blondely beautiful than ever and Cary looking *but* so interested!

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL has gone into business. In fact, Marguerite not only has a factory, (in a local garage), but is her own sales representative. Marguerite has two Mexican girls working in her factory at the manufacture of scarfs, belts and neckties of Alpine suede. She has sold all the important stores in Los Angeles and Hollywood and plans to make a nation-wide tour with her samples, as soon as her picture work allows.

DID you know that Marion Talley had been married twice, and both times to her music teachers? Her present spouse is obliged to be in New York the year round, while Marion's picture and radio work keeps her in Hollywood. And she's not keen about the separation, either.

THE Kent Taylors are expecting an addition to the family sometime in May. It'll be their second.

FOR months and months petite Frances Langford drank her quart of milk a day, but she simply couldn't get the scales above 90 lbs. During her recent vacation in Florida, however, she managed to do the trick and is now up to 100 lbs.

International

Luise Rainer in a real-life rôle of bride! Above, the screen star and her husband, Clifford Odets, brilliant playwright and scenarist, pictured after their marriage.

FILMITES have developed a new gag to protect them from those business sharks who've been upping the price on property and what-have-you just as soon as they find an actor is interested. The new arrangement is to have a close friend investigate the deal and be quoted a price. Then the actor steps in and consummates the deal. Who says actors are dumb!

ELIZABETH MEYER, who is employed as a reader in the scenario department for David Selznick, is the daughter of the former president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and is purported to be worth over a million dollars in her own name. But so great is her ambition to succeed on her own merit, she decided to take this comparatively unimportant position just to show what she can do in spite of her great income. My, my!

(*Continued on next page*)

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YES, you can have a lovelier, more alluring body. Easily! Quickly! Just add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet, and make your bath a beauty treatment.

You might be bathing in rose petals, so soft and fragrant does Bathasweet make the water of your tub. Gone is all harshness from the water. Bathasweet softens it to a caress—softens it so that the water cleanses your pores as they would not otherwise be cleansed. The best evidence of this remarkable power to dissolve impurities and to *keep* them dissolved is that no "ring" is left around the tub when Bathasweet is used. No wonder skin imperfections disappear—and your body takes on a new loveliness . . . Yet Bathasweet costs very little—50c and $1 at drug and department stores.

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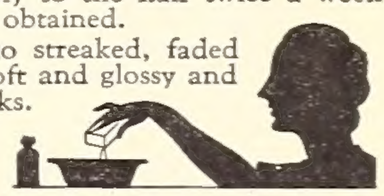
You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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For art's sake, Spencer Tracy, his locks curled, sings and plays a sixteenth century Portuguese musical contraption in this scene with Freddie Bartholomew from "Captains Courageous."

Technicolor photography calls for special make-up, so here we have Adolphe Menjou being assisted by Cosmetologist Paul Stanhope tinting Adolphe's face for "A Star is Born."

YOU can drop in at the Bing Crosby menage almost any morning—bright and early—and find your favorite crooner taking setting up exercises with his three youngsters, Gary, Dennis, and Phillip. It's only Bing who's keeping that extra poundage away, but he feels it's a good idea for the kids to keep fit at the same time.

BELIEVE it or not, Ned Sparks once turned down $50,000 cash—but cold! Seems that Ned was somewhat stranded in New York for a period of two or three years as a result of the actors' strike, when his old friend, Sam Merwin, offered to stake him to $50,000 to go into business—just any business. But Ned was so crazy about acting he couldn't think of any other business to go into. So how do you like that?

AS ALL her friends know, Joan Crawford is one of the most generous gals in Hollywood. Barbara Stanwyck was visiting Joan not long ago and admired a new pair of very unusual shoes Joan had just received from her bootmaker. A week later, a package arrived at the Stanwyck front door. It contained two pairs of the identical shoes—and a perfect fit!

ONE of Hollywood's most serious romances is that of Rochelle Hudson and Lt. C. C. McCauley, of Honolulu. Cables, airmail letters, and telephone calls come tumbling in from him at all hours of the day and night, while he's already made three trips to Hollywood, just so's he can see her.

LOOKS like a romance between John Howard and Andrea (Goldwyn) Leeds. All in one week, we saw them Brown Derbying and shopping. And a cute couple, if you ask me.

IF YOU want to gain weight, you might try Pat Knowles' diet—but don't ask me to! It's simply to drink a glass of half ginger ale and half sweet cream three times a day. Pat has already gained three pounds.

FRED KEATING had a watch-dog. It was an enormous Great Dane and guaranteed to be probably the most alert watch-dog in Hollywood. So when Fred came home from the studio the other evening, he was much surprised to see cars parked in front of his house and all the lights on. And just as he stepped from his car, the Great Dane barged menacingly out at him from the front porch. No matter how hard he tried, Fred could not get past the animal. Finally, his front door opened and Patricia Ellis emerged, calling the dog away. He later learned that Pat and a group of friends had calmly broken into the house to prepare a surprise birthday dinner for him, while the Great Dane looked on in an interested fashion, without even a whimper. Fred finally realized the only person who really antagonized the animal was himself. The watch-dog doesn't live there any more!

HELMUTH is just a bit put out. Helmuth, you see, is Madeleine Carroll's new butler and a great big husky German. And Helmuth, since he entered Miss Carroll's employ, has had to learn to make tea, of all things, and also to serve tea every day at four instead of coffee. He's an excellent servant and of course wouldn't think of complaining, but Madeleine insists he definitely looks down his nose at her each time he brings in the tea service and feels sure he thinks she's a terrible sissy!

Don Ameche and his wife are here seen as prominent guests among those present at a recent Hollywood event.

GARY COOPER rushed from the set of "Souls at Sea" to see his favorite dog, which is confined at the vets with a sprained ankle, of all things!

A NEW system has been evolved by several of the larger department stores for the accommodation of their celebrity customers. You simply phone for an appointment and a sales clerk is placed at your disposal after the store has closed. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell had an entire store to themselves a Sunday or so ago, while they shopped in peace for linens, etc., for their new home.

DOLORES DEL RIO has one more beauty award to add to her many laurels. An artist insists she has the most beautiful feet and ankles of any woman on the screen. Interesting to learn that Dolores designs her own shoes, going in for Grecian sandals for evening wear to a large extent. When she's playing ping pong or badminton, however, she prefers no shoes at all. It's a common sight to drop by the Gibbons home of an afternoon to see Dolores hopping around like mad in her bare tootsies!

PAT O'BRIEN has decided to try to do something about his memory or else curb his impulse to stop at every nursery he passes in the future. Pat just can't resist poking around in every garden mart he comes across and about four months ago succumbed to a small fir tree which he asked the nursery to hold until he called for it. The other morning, a large truck drew up before the house just as Pat was hurrying away to the studio. It developed the tree had grown to such proportions they could no longer keep it in the small nursery, so were obliged to deliver it without waiting any longer. And Pat had to think fast to find a place for the full-grown fir in his already overcrowded garden.

JANE WITHERS was so-o-o mad the other day when she tripped and fell just as recess was announced in her schoolroom on the Fox lot and had to spend her entire play time in the studio hospital being bandaged up.

"Gosh, I don't see why it couldn't have happened during arithmetic instead of just at recess," Jane was grumbling when I saw her.

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